Beautifying Home Land

By EDWARD C. VICK
Home Garden Editor

This is the second article in a series to be written by Mr. Vick on "Beautifying the Home Grounds."

May I repeat what was stressed in last Sunday's article. Simple and artistic effects are to be desired in planting home grounds rather than too lavish and gaudy displays. Avoid overplanting.

What may be used in the planting will depend on the region where the home is located. The plants should suit climate, soil and exposure. The broad-leaved evergreens are useful, particularly for shady places. Rhododendrons are inclined to grow tall, too, they spread and should not be planted close to walks or driveways. Hardy azaleas and kalmias associate well with rhododendrons. All these dislike lime, preferring an acid soil which may be produced by working in peat moss. Aluminum sulphate, 12 to 16 ounces to the square yard, will cause the soil to become sufficiently acid to suit these plants.

E. C. Vick

Where evergreens are used the taller growing specimens should form the background, grading down to form a well-rounded bank, with low growing plants in front.

Tall growing evergreens include Japanese Holly, Common Juniper, Irish Juniper, the Retinisporas, including sqarrosa (Veitchii), filifera, filifiera aurea, Thuja sibirica, occidentalis lutea and Standishii, Buxus arborescens, Hybrid Rhododendrons.

Sometimes the tall evergreen trees are used such as Abies, or Firs, the Junipers, Spruces, Pines and Retinisporas. These may be used for specimen trees about the yard, for hedges or windbreaks, or to cut off objectionable views, but are unsuitable for foundation planting, as they soon grow too large and have to be removed.

For medium-growing evergreens, Juniper excelsia stricta, Pinus strobus brevifolia, Pinus montana, Retinisporea obtusa gracilis, Picea gregoriana, Tsuga diversifolis, Taxus canadensis minima and canadensis gracilis, Taxus cupeidata, Picea densiflora, Thuja Rosenthalli, Mahonia japonica and Hybrid Rhododendrons.

Low-growing evergreens include Mahonia aquifolis, although this is not evergreen in the North. Retinisporea obtusa crippeli, Picea orientalis aurea, and the four Junipers, Sabina, Japonica, Chinensis Pfitzeriana, Sabina tamariscifolia; Pinus montana Mughus, Taxus cuspidata brevifolia and tardiva aurea, four Arcevitaes, Thuja Ellwangeriana, occidentalis Hoveyii, occidentalis globosa and occidentalis ericoides, Tsuga Sargentii.

The lowest growing evergreens include Thuja occidentalis Tom Thumb and Little Gem, Biota orientalis compacta, Juniperus canadensis, Juniperus prostrata, Juniperus virginiana, globosa; the dwarf Spruces, including Picea excelsia Maxwelli, Pygmea, nana and orientalis compactum, Retinispora obtusa compactum, Taxus repandens and canadensis.

Evergreens may be trimmed to keep them in desired form. The trimming consisting of shortening the branches, which can be done at any time.

Fall evergreens should be allowed to branch from the surface of the ground. Removing the lower branches deforms the tree and spoils its beauty.

The third article in this series will be published in next Sunday's Boston Advertiser.

Making Their Debut

SCABIOSA-FLOWERED ZINNIAS, new and beautiful, in many brilliant colors. Sure to be a popular addition to local gardens. Included in Boston Advertiser Beauty collection listed elsewhere in today's paper.

WHEN TO PLANT

With the ground covered with snow and ice, seed planting time may be farthereat from our thoughts. A few bright days, with warmer weather and rapid thawing will take place, and seed planting time finally will be upon us unawares.

Too early planting will result in failure and loss of seeds. Here are general rules that may safely be followed anywhere.

When the buds on peach trees begin to swell, make the first sowing of peas, radishes, lettuce, carrots, onions, turnips, kohl rabi, and onion sets.

When the apple blossoms begin to come out, plant corn, beans, pumpkins, melons and squash. When the petals have fallen, set out tomato plants and sow the seed in well prepared beds in the open ground for late crops. Then may be set out plants of peppers and egg plants, and seeds of egg plants can be sown in the garden.

WINDOW PLANT

Jasminum grandiflorum is the sweet scented variety bearing its white flowers almost continuously. An excellent plant for window gardens.

Timely Talk On Poultry

By UNCLE TED

When it comes to the inspection of the apparently normal hens in an effort to separate theloafers from theworkers, the following points will serve as a fairly reliable guide.

It must be understood that very few individual birds in either class will display all the characteristics listed. The culler must use his judgment, weighing the good points against the bad and be guided by the "balance" between the two. In the event that the quotations on table poultry are high while egg prices are low he will naturally be more severe in his judgment and send a larger proportion of the flock to market. If a reverse condition maintains, it may be good business to give some of the doubtful birds a further chance.

The following items apply especially to the work of culling during the summer and fall months. They refer primarily to breeds having yellow pigment in skin, bill and shanks. Typical indications are given for each section of the bird:

GOOD LAYERS

Vent—Large, bleached or bluish white, moist.
Pelvic Bones—Well-spread, pliable.
Abdomen—Deep, full, elastic.
Skin—Thin, flexible, free from hard fat.
Body—Deep, depth carried well from front to rear.
Back—Broad across ribs and rump.
Plumage—Dull, ragged, late molt usual.

POOR LAYERS

Face—Yellow, usually rather full.
Eye-rings, Ear-lobes, Beak—Yellow.
Eyes—Dull, sunken.
Comb—Shrunken, small, pale.
Shanks—Yellow, round.
Vent—Yellow, shriveled, dry.
Pelvic Bones—Rigid, closely spaced.
Abdomen—Shrunken or full of hard fat.
Skin—Thick, fat.
Body—Round, shallow.
Back—Narrow.
Plumage—Fair condition or molting.

THAW PLANTS SLOWLY

Severely cold weather will frost many plants in window gardens and conservatories. Cover them with newspaper to shade from sun, or place them out of the sun, in a cool temperature to thaw out very gradually. In this way many plants may be saved that otherwise might be lost. In applying water use cold water as the soil will thaw gradually.

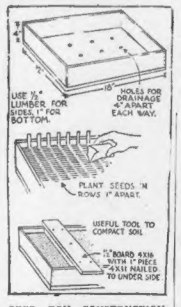
START PLANTS EARLY IN FLATS

Thousands of seedling plants are grown successfully each spring in small boxes of soil placed in boxes in south or east windows.

They are a reliable aid to good gardening if properly handled.

The preparation of the seed box is a simple task and one that needs care to be reasonably certain of bringing the seedlings to planting size.

First is the question of drainage. The seed box, whether it is



SEED BOX CONSTRUCTION AND OPERATION

a cigar box or larger flat box, needs to have holes bored in the bottom, about six inches apart in large boxes and three inches apart in cigar boxes. Over the bottom of the box spread broken flower pots, crockery or small pebbles, then coarser soil and last of all finely sifted soil.

For the finer seeds it is an excellent plan to cut burlap to fit the box and lay it over the coarse drainage and then place the soil upon it so that the box may be watered by setting it in a pan of water and there will be no danger of washing the tiny seeds or seedlings. Firm the soil and sow the seed thinly in rows. This is better than sowing broadcast with the hand. In applying water use cold water as the soil will thaw gradually.

Thin sowing is economy. Quantities of seed are wasted by too thick planting. The tiny plants crowd each other and none of them has a fair chance when they come up thick as fur. This necessitates early transplanting before the seedlings are strong enough to be handled.

Cover the seed boxes with a damp cloth or piece of paper until germination starts, and place a pane of glass over the top. Remove the paper or cloth as soon as the first tiny sprouts break the soil. Wipe off the covering glass when water collects on it from evaporation. This will prevent moisture from dripping.

During the day prop up one edge of the covering glass for ventilation.

Keep seed box soil moist but not wet or water-logged. Good drainage will take care of this.

Winter Garden Duties

Sow Petunia seeds for early flowering plants. Sow the giant flowering sorts thinly. The seed is very fine. Smooth the surface soil in the pot or box, sow the seed on that and cover lightly with sand.

• • •

Ageratums, started early from seeds, make good plants for borders and window boxes. They afford good summer blue.

• • •

A packet of mixed Coleus seed will produce many varieties of colorful foliage plants. Any that are particularly good can be multiplied by rooting cuttings.

• • •

This also is the month to prepare coldframes and hotbeds. Snow and ice will need to be removed and the ground thawed out and dried out, unless favorable weather has cleared it. And that seems doubtful when this is written.

Dahlia seeds should be started early for seedling plants to flower this year.

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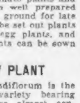

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Sunday, Feb. 23, 1936

American Beauties — *A New Series of Paintings by Henry Clive* — *No. 3 "Rose of the Rancho"*

When The Spooks Send Flowers To Their Favorite Medium

Ah!
Robin
Is Present,
Or at Least That's What the Medium Indicates as She Gets Ready to Accept the Flowers Out of Nowhere. The Spectators Look On With More Awe Than an American Audience Watching a Clever Magician.

BUDAPEST.

HUNGARIAN spiritualists don't know quite what to make of the spectacular occult "demonstrations" of Miss Hylda Lewis, an English girl who recently visited this city and, time and again, had flowers dropped in her lap by invisible spooks. At least that's what those who believe in such phenomena say and, so far, no skeptic has been able to prove that the British young woman resorts to stage magic to make the pretty and fragrant bouquets materialize out of thin air.

The photographs on this page were snapped while the English girl was going into a trance, contacting her "spirit control," who goes by the name of Robin, and receiving whole bunches of nice, fresh flowers from this mysterious and invisible gardener. This demonstration, like several others, was made at the estate of Mr. Charles Rothy, the eminent Hungarian occultist. Many precautions were taken to keep these performances strictly on a spiritualistic plane. Miss Lewis readily agreed to get her flowers in plain sight of Mr. Rothy and his guests.

Just before one seance—not the one depicted on this page—the medium was taken to a room in the Rothy mansion and stripped of her clothing. She was thoroughly examined and dressed in a tight-fitting bathing suit. A thin silk scarf was thrown over her shoulders. She was then seated in the center of the drawing-room and the spectators sat in a circle around her. Her actions could be observed from all sides.

She folded her hands in her lap, sb the story goes, and slowly sank into a trance. Presently "Robin," her control, began to speak through her lips. He greeted the gathering, promised flowers and complained against the silk scarf. He insisted that a black coat be used instead of the scarf. Right there certain Doubting Thomases in the audience had their suspicions. The coat was turned inside and out and thoroughly examined. Apparently it was not trickily constructed and had no stage "props" of any kind hidden in it.

For about an hour "Robin" carried on an animated conversation with certain members of the audience. Then the miracle happened—slowly a bouquet of 14 fresh blossoms thrust out of the medium's hands into her lap. "Robin" must have been in a whimsical mood that day for, with the flowers, was a single stalk of asparagus 10 inches long.

Next day the performance was repeated on the Rothy lawn, and in broad daylight. "Robin" sent 31 flowers this time and made the delivery in five short minutes.

Miss Lewis received many other bouquets from her spook control before she returned to England, where she often had demonstrated her strange power before groups of spiritualists, and neither Mr. Rothy, nor anyone else in Hungary, can say that the British girl isn't invested with legitimate and remarkable powers. If it's a clever trick of sleight-of-hand, then it's up to the scoffers against such "manipulations" to explain how it's done.

It's a Mystery Why the Medium Should Be Suffering, But That Is the Impression. The Flowers Are About to Arrive, So She Gets Ready to Bend Over.

Above—It's Robin Again. The Spook Whispers So Only the Medium Hears, But the None-Too-Spectral Bouquet Is on Its Way.

Right—Fresh Flowers, Just as If They'd Been Cut a Few Moments Before, Are Now in the Lady's Possession. The Romantic Spook Has Kept His Word.

Dog Hurt Goes to Hospital

THE doctors and nurses of the Memphis General Hospital believe that their institution was the setting for one of the best true dog stories to come out of the South in many a year. The hero of the episode was a mongrel dog, a nameless mutt with traces of several breeds in him.

One day the dog limped into the receiving room of the hospital. No one paid much attention to him and the nurse in charge was too busy with the patients to notice the canine visitor's bad leg.

Next morning the dog was back, hobbling from one person to another and looking at them with pleading eyes. Again no one got the idea that the pup might be there for the same reason they were—because something was the matter with him.

The following day, limping worse than before, the mongrel had the good luck to catch the eye of Dr. J. Cash King, who rubbed the ailing leg with a gentle hand, picked the dog up in his arms and carried him to the X-ray laboratory.

The pictures revealed that the leg was fractured. The doctor put the leg in splints and ordered the best of care for the charity patient until he was able to go his own way again.

Brands, the Heraldry of Texas

TEXAS never was a land of kings and nobles with all the pomp and pageantry that goes with a feudal system—but it has its heraldry for all that, symbols of progress and of power and of swashbuckling days as dramatic in their way as the goings-on when knighthood was in flower.

The heraldry of the Lone Star State is, of course, its cattle brands, those distinctive marks of ownership that the ranchmen of the Southwest used to burn in the hides of their roving herds. The county records books of Texas hold more than 20,000 of these brands, these typically American coats-of-arms with which many great fortunes have been made and for the dignity and integrity of which bloody battles have been fought.

This Spring and Summer Texas will celebrate the 100th anniversary of its independence from Mexico at an exposition in Dallas. In a huge Hall of State, to cost about a million and a quarter dollars, the State's historic brands will be on display and in the spacious livestock buildings these symbols will be cleverly and artistically worked into the scheme of decoration. Some of the more celebrated of the brands will be glorified in friezes and murals.

Prominent in this show of heraldry will be the brand XIT. Veteran cowhands say that these letters originally meant Ten (counties) in Texas because its cowboys, before the ranch was sold off in small portions, spread over 10 counties when they rode the home range.

Another brand that will play an important role in the coming exposition is the famous "running W" of the King domain in the southern part of the State. This ranch is still the largest in the United States and spreads over 1,200,000 acres. From the ranch house to the front gate of the cattle empire the road winds more than 18 miles.

Dressing up the exposition buildings will be many another celebrated brand — the three D's of the Waggoner outfit, the four 6's of the Burnet ranch, which covers a vast territory in the Panhandle country, and the "Lazy S" — laid down on its side—of the Slaughter ranch.

Years ago cattlemen made use of many common objects, as well as letters, in order to devise distinctive brands. Some of the emblems incorporated crude pictures of frying pans, pitchforks, coffee pots, boots, spurs and even hand saws.

Today, of course, with the ranges fenced, the need for such complicated brands has passed and cattle are frequently marked with a single letter or number etched on their hides with acid instead of the old-time branding iron. But the romantic story of the brands, old and new, will never die. It is part of Texas.

This Pretty Model Displays a Type of Brand That Developed in the Early Days of Texas, Where Cattle Brands, Many of Which Have Become Famous, Really Constitute a Sort of State Heraldry.

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

Even in England, Where This Musical Lad Got Hold of a Horn, the Phenomenal Song Hit, "The Music Goes 'Round and Around," Is Fascinating the Populace. The Ditty, Penned to Counter Another Melody, Turned Out to Be the Most Unusually Successful Popular Song in Many Years.

"The Music Goes Around and Around"

LONDON.

THE SUBJECTS of George V may "Buy British" and find it impossible in these uneasy times to pay a little something on the war debt owing to Uncle Sam, but they know a catchy tune when they hear one, and if that tune happens to be made-in-America, what-ho? If you just can't help singing and whistling a song, then the nationalistic barriers, if any, go down, and the sons of Albion are as quick as the next one to take up the blooming refrain.

Englishmen of all classes have discovered, to their delight, that "the music goes 'round and around." If reports from across the water are not exaggerated, the composition that has swept this country as few songs have, is making as much of a hit abroad. Austere noblemen with little use for popular ditties have been heard quietly humming the thing, and even trying their voices on that part that goes "ooh-oo-oo-ooh." Stevedores on the Liverpool docks push bales and boxes about to the song's silly but infectious measures. Helmeted "bobbies" hum it to themselves as they walk their beats in the fog, and just about everybody else in England has fallen under the tune's magic spell.

The young Britisher shown in the photograph above decided to find out for himself if the music does go 'round and around, and after several minutes of unmelodious tooting and honking, he was ready to admit that the Americans who made the statement in words and music, were entirely correct. The youngster, after examining all the intricate plumbing of the horn, came to the conclusion that the music must have done an extraordinary amount of traveling before it emerged. The Americans, he admitted, were on solid ground. His regret was his inability to play the tune the way it sounded when it came over the air from the studios of the British Broadcasting Company.

Not since the memorable and equally silly song-hit, "Yes, We Have No Bananas," have the music world and the populace been affected by a song as it has with "The Music Goes 'Round and Around." The story about its origin, which dates back to 1932, seems still a little befogged. On Tin Pan Alley, the center of popular songs in New York, however, rumor has it that the melody of "Music Goes 'Round" was originated by Red Hodgson, a trombonist in a Chicago band. It was devised as a figure for brass, to run counter or "swing" melody to the popular song "Dinah." Hodgson wrote it so that a girl singer could warble the counter tune while the orchestra played a "Dinah" chorus. Nobody paid much attention to it as a separate composition, however, until the girl came to New York and introduced the melody in a night club, where an ultra-modern "swing" orchestra was jointly led by Messrs. Mike Riley and Ed Farley.

Then Farley and Riley took the melody, added a few interpolations of "oh-ho-ho-ho," and clowned around with it, with Riley playing trumpet. Words were eventually written, and Hodgson and Riley and Farley had the tune published to protect it by copyright, all agreeing to share the profits if any. There were no profits for two years, but one night a patron of the club, slightly under the weather, began asking questions about trumpets, and Riley played the novelty tune and sang it for her. A recording official invited the two musicians to put it on a record. The recording was of no significance, except to popular band orchestras, who are always eager to pick up new effects. Among those who heard the record played was Rudy Vallee. He invited Riley and Farley to introduce it on his radio program.

That was only recently. The tune caught on, and in another week it was at the top of the list of popular songs and was being sung almost ad nauseum in every town and hamlet in the country. The music is still going 'round and around.

Victim of Gas 30 Million Years Ago

AMONG the newer exhibits in the American Museum of Natural History, New York City, is the skeleton of a strange animal, the like of which never has been found except in the volcanic rocks of Patagonia, down near the lower tip of South America.

Dr. George Gaylord Simpson, the museum scientist who headed the expedition that unearthed the skeleton and many others like it, calls the odd and prehistoric beast the "scarritta"—because the expedition was financed by Mr. H. S. Scarritt, a wealthy New Yorker with a keen interest in such undertakings.

Just what the animal looked like when it was alive is a matter of conjecture, but it stood about four feet and a half at the shoulders and was seven feet long. It was a mammal, and probably had a hairy pelt. Whether the hair was long or short and what color it was not even Dr. Gaylord would attempt to guess.

He does know, however, that the "scarritta" in the museum, and its relatives, went down to extinction some thirty million years ago, and that they were gassed to death. He arrived at this interesting piece of information by clever observation and sleuth-like deduction. The skeletons were dug from a long-extinct volcanic crater. In some distant day the crater was partly filled with a lake—because the skeletons of frogs and tadpoles were found in the same soil with the bones of the "scarritta."

How did Dr. Gaylord know that the prehistoric beasts were gassed to death? Well, he made a painstaking study of the skeletons and established that they bore no marks of violence. They did not die in a tooth-and-claw struggle with other beasts.

Every one of the skeletons was found in the same position. The legs were bent, showing that the muscles were tensed, and, what's more revealing, the heads of the creatures were thrown back, showing that they died gulping vainly for fresh air. The gas, of course, came from vents in the side of the volcano's bowl-like crater.

And Here They Are, as She Straightens Up. The Lady Has Nothing Up Her Sleeve and Very Little Else in Her Possession to Hide Them. She Sits Erect and Is Not Suffering Any Longer. "Wonderful!" Exclaim Her Followers. But if Any Magician Performed the Same Apparent Wonder on an American Stage, It is Doubtful Whether He Could Impress a Hardened, Sophisticated and Cynical Audience Sufficiently to Rate Even Feeble Applause.

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Timid? Unsuccessful?—Then Eat Lion Meat

At Least, That's What Ingenious M. Rosse Told the French Investors, Swindled Them Out of Millions of Francs, But Alas! Himself Could Find no Food to Keep Him Out of Jail

PARIS, Feb. 16

COURAGE is a matter of diet and may be acquired by the most pitiful cowards, providing they dine regularly on the flesh of a lion and shun such food as rabbit or chicken, which renders one faint-hearted, like Bunny and the barnyard fowl.

At least, this is the opinion of M. Hippolyte Rosse—a Marseilles big-game hunter, with leonine head of hair and a beard thick as the African bush—whose belief in the homeopathic magic of a meat regime is as great as that of the ancient Greeks, who thought a man could prevent himself from going to sleep by eating the tongue of the wakeful nightingale.

But M. Rosse has just been sentenced to two and a half years in jail for selling that opinion to others for from 1,000,000 to 2,000,000 francs.

Not long ago M. Rosse organized the General Packing Company of the Upper Volta, in French West Africa, through which he planned to sell canned lion "guaranteed to instil valor in timid breasts" (as his prospectuses read). He also proposed to popularize wild buffalo, antelope and monkey meat, declaring his countrymen would become strong, fleet-footed and nimble by feasting on these animals.

Wonderful to relate, people in all parts of France bought shares in the company, and this jobber in jungle-meat amassed his odd million of francs, which he spent in building a palatial villa — the "Sans-Souci" — at Biarritz, buying an expensive car, and staging expensive parties at which pretty but frail women were the stars—that is, fallen stars.

The French police, however, took no stock in the packing enterprise. Following complaints of the unhappy investors, they packed Rosse off to the prison of Poissy, where for several months the Marseilles nimrod hunted the tiny carnivors abounding in French jails, and ate the dry bread of affliction moistened by tears.

The other day Hippolyte was arraigned before the Correctional Court and a strange tale of credulity was unfolded, causing the Magistrate M. Venquin to exclaim in astonishment:

"But how could anyone be so stupid as to put faith and francs in such a childish swindle!"

Rosse shook his mane and let out a lion-like roar, denying that his company was chimerical and claiming that it had received the official sanction of the late governor of French West Africa, M. Angouevant, who had likewise approved, he said, another one of his enterprises—preserves for big game shooting on the Ivory Coast. He had an option on these from the black "King of Obodji," and they were to be stocked with lions.

As soon as M. Rosse announced his astonishing corporation, people of Paris, supposed to be the most sophisticated and cynical in the world, began to invest in it. So did others.

In fact, there seemed no end to the people ready to believe, as cannibals always have, that one absorbs with the flesh of any creature its qualities of courage, intelligence, cowardice, deceit or whatever they may be, and there were no end of customers for the canned king of beasts. Some however had enough business sense to point a few possible objections.

It is doubtful if in all the world there are half a million lions. If the corporation got into quantity production necessary to make money for the stockholders, it would quickly kill, can and sell the last lion outside of a zoo or game sanctuary. Then where would the company be?

The answer was that if lions grew scarce, prices for lion-meat would be boosted. After all, it might have its advantages. If lion-courage could be made exclusive, it would be worth much more to its absorber. Millionaires would pay the price. For the ordinary run of customers, there would be cheaper courage-cuts. For instance, the African wart hog, though not so noble and beautiful in his aspect, is for its size as brave as a lion. No, it would not give its eaters warts. What was imparted was psychological characteristics, not physical. Then there was the rhinoceros, the prize fighting fool of the animal kingdom which without provocation will charge a locomotive. Also there are belligerent birds and even fish.

But lots of lions could be bred on those game preserves in Africa which would be another source of income.

Even the lion bones and paws would be made into canned soup which ought to have considerable virtue in instilling courage.

The net profit per animal was estimated at over $5,000. To those who doubted he is alleged to have whispered:

"Every part of a lion is valuable. Did you know that burglars gladly pay $25 an ounce for lion grease? Yes, indeed. A little smeared upon the burglar will cause the bravest watch dog to crawl under the piazza and hide silently until it almost dies of thirst and hunger. It thinks the burglar a lion and is afraid."

Rosse had engaged game keepers headed by M. Godefroy, reputed to be the champion lion killer of France and had tried to get Lieut. Cointet de Filain who for some reason, never quite made clear, was given the Legion of Honor Cross for killing just one lion.

Hippolyte made his game keepers put up bonds as a guarantee of their honesty against taking home a rib roast of lion or a thimble full of the precious burglar grease. He appointed his janitor chief director of the packing department, though not until the trustful man had invested 75,000 francs; and he gave his chauffeur a position in the delivery section, after deducting for investment 12,000 francs of his wages.

M. Rosse, who is a "lion among the ladies," next induced his various sweethearts to part with their savings and buy stock in the company. One of them—a dressmaker from Bordeaux—broke off her engagement with a local tradesman to give her heart and bankroll to Hippolyte. When the jilted lover came roaring like a lion to take vengeance on Hippolyte, that remarkable person handled him in a way to suggest that he ate fox as well as lion meat. He asked the infuriated man to sit down and first hear his explanation. This consisted of such a rosy picture of the concern that his caller forgot all about his lost sweetheart and ended by investing his savings in the lion-canning industry.

With the money of his dupes, Rosse rented fine office rooms in the Rue Jules Lefevre, Paris, and adorned them with lion-skin rugs. He is said actually to have received a large number of advance orders from professional burglars attracted by the lion-grease idea of making their work almost as easy as if they were invisible.

As another sideline, Rosse dabbled in real-estate, and dazzled prospective customers with a glowing account of tracts of jungle-land in the Upper Volta, pretending he had concessions from the dusky monarch of Ougadougou. Near Abidjan, on the Ivory Coast, he bragged of exploiting cocoanut plantations, and persuaded many a client, with a "solid ivory" pate, to buy shares.

All went well until Hippolyte entrusted his affairs to an associate, M. Cezalon, and, with heart brimming over with love, ran off to Switzerland for a vacation with a girl named Suzanne—a veritable nosegay of youth and freshness. But before his ardor had time to cool in the Alpine snows, he received word that Cezalon had gone mad, after taking the lion's share of the company's cash. Rosse rushed back to the French capital, only to be cast in jail.

While in jail, the inventive promoter tried to retrieve his fallen fortunes by vending an elixir that "determined the sex of unborn babes." He went into partnership with two of his cell-mates, MM. Itam and Recordon, the latter a druggist, and, on being liberated, the trio sold the magic potion in bottles to young married couples.

The marvelous fluid was nothing but water from the Seine, yet this humbugging did not prevent Hippolyte from assuring his judges that the elixir had proved successful in more than 50% of the cases!

Today the imaginative hunter is confined in the sick-ward of the Fresnes prison, but will probably be freed soon, thanks to the brilliant defense of his lawyer, M. Bonduelle.

Ever since M. Rosse tried to stiffen up his compatriot's courage with tinned lion, the tawny seigneur of the sands has appeared on more than one Paris menu. Maitre Bonduelle pointed out to the Court that recently, at the Restaurant Moreau, the blind old lion, Sultan, veteran of the Vincennes Zoo—was served up on dishes in regal style during a banquet at which Gina Manes, the French screen-star, presided.

Instead of being tough, unpalatable and indigestible, Sultan proved to be tender as veal, appetizing, and did not bring queasiness to the stomach of any guest. Shortly afterwards, Mme. Manes became so emboldened that she announced her forthcoming divorce from Georges Charlia.

A few weeks later, he pointed out, the Society for the Acclimatisation of Foreign Foods sat down to a lion dinner, despite the objections of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which resented such innovations on the bill-of-fare. Having appeased their hunger with the grilled hindquarters of the beast whose ancestors were defied in ancient Persia, the guests—including Princess Murat, the novelist Pierre Mille, Professor Lemoine, M. Mangin, member of the Institute; M. Cheron, the statesman, and General Gouraud, military Governor of Paris—braved public opinion by saying the big jungle-cat was a gastronomic triumph and tasted better than horse-meat—a favorite plate of Paris.

In addition to his thriving trade in meat of the big cats, M. Rosse had a profitable side-line in the sale of the lion's skins to such well-known Parisians as Colette, the famous actress, who is known for her unusual decorative schemes. Mlle. Colette apparently, however, was satisfied with such courage as might be passed on by ownership of the skins, as she was not numbered among M. Rosse's group of lion meat eaters.

Yet it is a mistake to think a lion steak is the only meat to make one dauntless. Rosse, in his prospectuses, referred to the Aru Islanders, who bought dog-flesh in their markets and ate it in order to become bold.

Parisians, wishing to acquire this canine characteristic, need not go to the East Indies, but to No. 21, Place de la Madeleine—in the heart of the capital—where there is a store that sells dog-meat sausages imported from India and Indo-China.

That same store, run by Mme. Hediard, has a supply of canned worms, that come from the Dutch East Indies. In Java, these worms utter a shrill sound like that of the alarm of a small clock, and when a public dancing-girl has screamed herself hoarse in the service of her calling, the leader of the troupe makes her eat some of them, in the belief that thus she will regain her voice and will, after swallowing them, be able to scream as shrilly as ever.

It was also urged in M. Rosse's defense that the idea of valor-giving viands is by no means original to him.

The Arabs compel their young sons to eat a piece of the heart of a lion in the chase, believing it will make them valiant as the king of beasts.

This practice of eating the flesh of an animal in order to assimilate its physical qualities is widespread in the Dark Continent, as Sir James Frazer has shown in his monumental work, "The Golden Bough." The Namaquas regale themselves with lion sirloins, or drink the blood of lion and leopard, to get the strength and courage of these carnivors, but abstain from dining on hares because they think it would make them timorous.

The bushmen will not give their children a jackal's heart to eat, lest it should make them craven, but give them instead a leopard's heart to make them daring. In West Africa, men in the prime of life never eat tortoises, imagining if they did so their vigor and fleetness of foot would be gone.

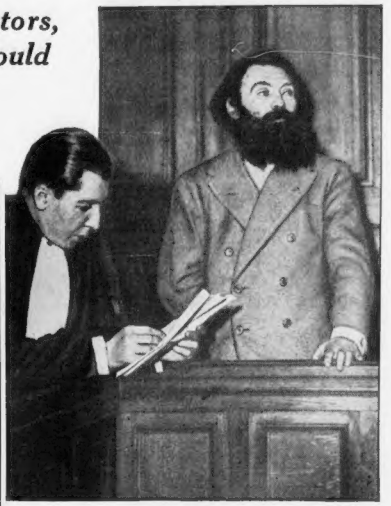
In Morocco, lethargic patients swallow ants, and they believe lion's flesh will make a coward brave. But they will not eat the hearts of fowls, fearing they will grow faint-hearted.

The French press, of course, had lots of fun over the lion-eating fad which came to a climax in M. Rosse's trial and conviction, and there were many gibes at the gullible investors.

One cartoonist, whose work is reproduced on this page, advanced the thought that if eating lion-meat would make human beings lion-like, perhaps the opposite was true—and any lion who made a meal of his clever and gifted keeper would immediately take on that gentleman's human attributes. In the cartoon is depicted the drama of the lion tamer who had "It" while the poor king of beasts had nothing to distinguish himself at all, until he ate his keeper.

But to M. Rosse and his lion-eating followers there was nothing funny at all about their campaign, and certainly there's nothing funny in prospect for M. Rosse now.

The Old Lion Sultan on Exhibition Before Being Served Up to Seekers After Courage At the Fashionable Restaurant Moreau, in Paris.



M. Hippolyte Rosse, Looking Somewhat Like a Lion Himself, On the Stand at His Trial and Consulting With His Attorney, M. Bonduelle.

Colette, the Famous French Actress, Upon One of the Lion Skins She Secured from M. Rosse — She Thought Them Sufficiently Courage-Inspiring Without Eating the Meat.

The Lion Tamer Who Had "It"—and the Lion Who Hadn't, Until He Swallowed the Lion Tamer. Satiric Cartoon in a Paris Newspaper Setting Forth the Idea That Lions May Acquire Coveted Characteristics by Eating Humans As Well As Humans by Eating Lions and That "Turn About Is Fair Play."

Mme. Gina Manes, French Screen Star, Who, After Eating a Dinner of Lion Meat Found Courage to Announce That She Was Going to Divorce Her Husband.

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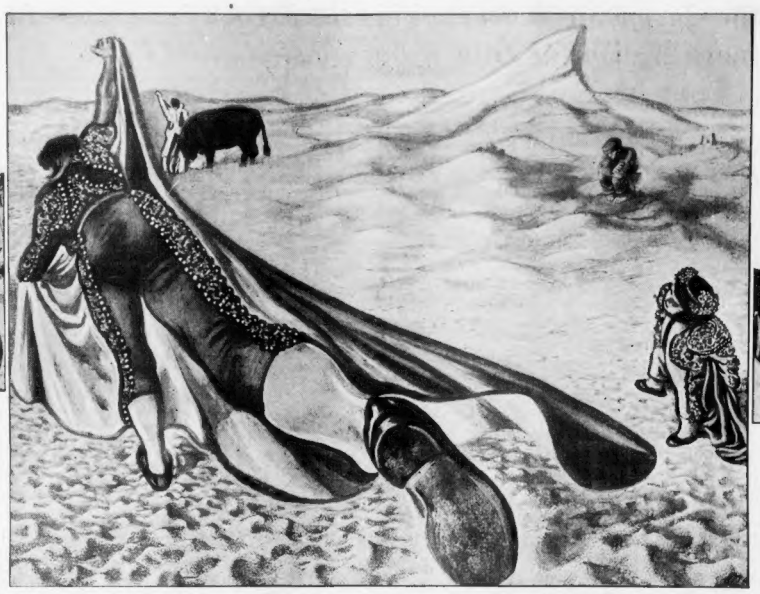
Clever Modern Art That Reproduces The Tricks Of The Camera

A Camera Study in Weird Perspective, Attained by Snapping the Picture From a Low Angle.



Another Distortion by the Camera, Which Produces the Same Effect That Distinguishes Tchelitchew's Modern Paintings.

MOST ultra-modern painters try to make their work look as little as possible like photographs. But M. Pavel Tchelitchew, a distinguished young Russian artist who has recently set up his studio in New York, has a different opinion.

As one of an advanced and talented group of younger painters, he does not believe in making slavish copies of nature but he does think that much can be learned from the camera and, by way of demonstrating his theory, has painted a number of canvases in which he frankly borrows some of the tricks of photography.

Among these canvases, many of which are to be exhibited this Spring at the Julien Levy Gallery, 602 Madison Avenue, New York, is the one of a bull-fighter, reproduced on this page. The painting seems grotesque to the average observer but in reply to this criticism M. Tchelitchew says: "How can it be grotesque when the camera shows exactly the same sort of distortion? As every one knows, the camera records only what it sees. It cannot lie."

This seems a true enough statement when the Russian artist's unusual study of a toreador is compared with the two photographs beside it. M. Tchelitchew says that his purpose in painting things of this kind is to help break down false habits of vision. "In reality," he declares, "it takes considerable time to look from a man's feet to his head but we are so accustomed to the experience that it seems as though there was no time involved at all and that we take in the whole man at a single glance."

——And Left——

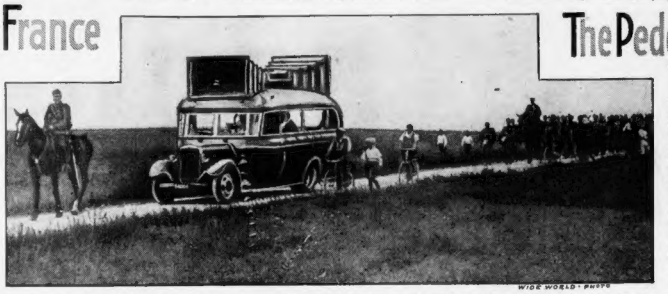
M. Pavel Tchelitchew's Painting of a Bull-Fighter, Borrowing a Distorted Perspective Hitherto Only Achieved by the Camera. Mr. Tchelitchew Has Similar Interesting Canvases on View in a New York Gallery. He Theorizes That Nothing Can Be Grotesque So Long as It Follows the Scientific Laws Which Govern Photography.

Inspired Baseball in France

THE French, like the British, never have looked upon American baseball as much of a game. Perhaps that's because the pastime is an exclusive invention of Uncle Sam's comparatively new and boisterous domain, or possibly the sport just doesn't lend itself to the British and French temperaments. But the feminine movie actresses of La Belle France—after they saw the Hollywood photograph reproduced below—were inspired to emulate this athletic young woman of the California cinema studios and take up baseball as an aid to health and beauty.

In all truth it cannot be said that the girls are expert at the sport, or that even the most charming of them ever will be invited to pinch hit for some of their American sisters-under-the-skin who actually do a good job of playing the game. But the mademoiselles get a lot of fun out of swinging bats, scampering around the bases and otherwise aping the girls of the American film capital who, incidentally, don't play big league baseball either.

In one of their first games the French girls tried to play with a real American baseball, but the ball hurt their well manicured hands and they soon discarded it for one of those bigger and softer balls used on playgrounds and for the game known as indoor baseball.



WIDE WORLD PHOTO

A Parade on the Outskirts of Copenhagen Minus the Usual Brass Band, But Not Without Music. A Recording of a Martial Tune Is Amplified in the Sound Truck, Which Makes Even More Noise Than a Band.

The Pedestrian of the Future?

THE queer looking figure in the photograph below is not a robot constructed in some scientific laboratory. It is a flesh-and-blood musical comedy actor by the name of Peter Gill who is being entertaining, and a bit sarcastic, about the plight of the pedestrian. Mr. Gill, appearing in an English musical comedy, sings a song relating the perils to the pedestrian of the future and calls attention to his protective get-up which includes such items as a coat of mail, a metal chest protector, a crash-proof helmet, two encircling bumpers and a complicated system of signal lights that flash such intentions as stop, go, right turn and left turn. Mr. Gill blinks these lights and toots a horn to punctuate the words of his song.

REPSTONE VIEW CO

Steel Mail, a Protective Helmet, Left and Right Turn Indicators, Lights, Flags and Horns All Make Up the Costume of This Prospective Pedestrian of the Future, as Depicted Facetiously in an English Theatrical Production.

A Modern Substitute for the Old Brass Band

COPENHAGEN.

THE Danes are a thrifty people who have found a thousand and one ways to cut down expenses in these days of economic and political unrest. Better than most other nations, they know how to keep within a budget, and they do not shy away from innovations in order to save money, even if these innovations border on the ludicrous in the eyes of other people.

Perhaps one of the most amusing, if sensible, economies of the Danish government is its present practice of using sound trucks instead of military bands. The photograph shows a regiment of soldiers returning to Copenhagen after several weeks in camp. A year ago the procession of bronzed and hardened men would have marched into the city behind a regimental band led by a drum major. Today such parades step to the stirring tunes that blare from loud speakers atop a motor bus.

Even the thrifty Danes haven't quite accustomed themselves to this ultra-modern substitute for military bands yet, but if they smile at the unusual spectacle they know that the government is saving money and that the men who used to toot the horns and beat the drums in the band are marching in the ranks, or doing some necessary civilian job.

One truck, like the machine shown in the picture, can make as much noise as a band of a hundred pieces and it takes only one man beside the driver to turn the trick. This man, with a supply of phonograph records neatly stowed away beside the amplifying mechanism, can provide the finest of band music played by the best Danish, or foreign, bands. He can control the volume of sound, too, and make the selections sound like the music of a 20-piece, as well as a 50-piece, or 100-piece band.

Denmark's mechanized bands have not escaped the comments of amused writers and artists, some of whom have suggested, in word and cartoon, that the entire army might be eliminated by other trucks from which pour the sounds of marching feet, shouted commands and, on occasion, the din of machine gun and rifle fire. But these wits are only spoofing and making use of the material at hand to amuse their public. They know, as well as the next one, that there's good sense behind the novel idea and that anything that conserves money and man power is worth doing.

One Danish army officer, an old-timer who knows his tactics and all the traditions of the profession of arms, recently remarked, "When citizens see a column of soldiers following in the wake of a bus instead of a band, with its instruments gleaming in the sun, the spectacle must seem new and a little absurd to them. But they will get used to it, and so will the soldiers—who make their little jokes about the situation, too. Denmark is not a large country. Its army is small beside those of some of its neighbors. Anything we can do to put our resources and man power to the most efficient use is good business.

"Of course, we still have army bands that furnish the music for all important military parades. But the sound trucks are being used more and more in the training camps."

ASSOCIATED PRESS PHOTO

This Photograph of an American Movie Girl, Together With a Movie Reel of a Hollywood Baseball Game Featuring Women Players, Has Started Several Baseball Teams on the French Movie Lots, in Which Actresses Are the Star Players.

Ancient Post of Ale Taster on the Wane in England

LONDON.

ANY day now the ancient town of Altrincham, in Cheshire, will become a county borough and, by so doing, wipe out the job of the community's official and honored ale taster. This gentleman, who hasn't actually had to do a thing since he was elected to the post, is one of only 20 ale tasters remaining in England. Time was when there were hundreds of such officials with full power to go into a brewery and pronounce the brew a proper one, or turn thumbs down on the stimulating beverage and put the brewer to no end of trouble and expense, not to say public humiliation.

In Altrincham, for example, the first ale taster, or ale-conner, to use the old form of the word, was elected by the populace in the year 1290 and the post has been filled ever since.

In that distant day, and for more than four centuries afterward, the ale-conner used to visit the breweries a couple of times a year and perform the public duty of testing the town's output of ale and beer. And woe to the brewer if his stock wasn't up to the high standard demanded by his patrons, high and low.

The conner, of course, would consume generous samples of the brew. A man can't tell, by drinking a single beaker of ale, whether it has flavor, body and the proper "kick." It takes at least three beakers to determine whether these desirable attributes are present and, in the case of extra-careful conners, the analysis required a dozen or more overflowing schooners of the amber fluid.

Then there were other infallible tests. Some tasters wore leather breeches. This was not to protect their clothing but to determine the "stickiness" of the ale. The usual procedure was to pour some of the liquid on a wooden bench and then place the seat of the leather pants thereon. If the pants stuck, not hard and fast, but appreciably, that was taken as proof that the brew was of proper consistency and "strength." If the leather did not adhere to the wood then there was trouble ahead for the brewer.

In the olden days the decision of the taster (and sitter) was final. If he said the word the entire batch of wet goods had to be dumped—sometimes around the ears of the slovenly or inexpert brewmaster. The maker of the hoppy liquid also could be fined.

Of the 19 or 20 ale tasters left in the British Isles one of the best known is 88-year-old Edward Hipwell, of London. He is one of four conners in the capital and was elected along with sheriffs, chamberlains and other lesser public servants. He has held the job for 30 years and, on occasion, has exercised his pleasant duties with some of the pomp and circumstance formerly associated with the post.

Mr. Hipwell frankly admits that he probably couldn't order a supply of ale or beer poured into the gutter just because his pants didn't stick to a flagon of the stuff poured on a wooden bench, nor could he chastise a brewer by pouring a barrel of the liquid around the man's ears. But he could make a public complaint and probably take away some of the brewer's custom.

"As a matter of fact," says the aged ale taster, "there's no need for such jobs as mine any longer. The making of beer and ale has become an exact science, as well as something of an art, in England, and the professional brewers turn out good stuff every time."

In Kent and in Warwick the vicars serve as ale conners, but their tasting jobs are entirely honorary, although they may take a cheering glass now and again. In Westerham, the Reverend J. A. Castle is the last of a long line of conners and his election vested him with the following high-sounding title: "Ale conner to the Court Baron and Court Leet for the Manor of Westerham and Squerryes and the Hundred Court for the Hundred of Westerham and Edenbridge."

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Why the Judge Gave Alan to Poor Papa NOT Rich Mama

His Mother Could Give Him Everything Money Could Buy---but His Father Something Better Still

That Money Cannot Purchase, or So Thought the Court

The Simple Home of Harold Glendening At Norwalk, Conn., a Great Contrast to the Mansions of His Rich Wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Glendening At Their Wedding.

A Portrait of Alicia Painted a Year or So Before the Capricious Heiress Fell in Love With Mr. Glendening, Then a Chemist on Small Salary.

Alicia Glendening Llewellyn in Fancy Dress Costume.

ALAN GLENDENING, aged twelve, said he preferred the luxurious life with his mother, Mrs. Alicia Maddox Glendening Llewellyn, who has an income of $70,000 a year, and lets the youngster do pretty much as he pleases, rather than live with his father, Harold S. Glendening, who earns only $5,000 a year and bothers Alan no end by making him eat spinach instead of cake, go to bed early and have high marks in school.

There is no breath of scandal against either parent and yet, in the recent legal fight for custody of Alan, the referee, former New York Supreme Court Justice Edward J. Gavegan, decided that it would be better for the child to be brought up by his comparatively poor father than his rich mother. And the Supreme Court of New York has sustained him.

The referee declared in effect that while rich mama could give the boy anything money can buy, poor papa could give something all the money in the world cannot purchase. And that is character, the quality which would enable him to become a self-supporting man, self-reliant but considerate of others, instead of a pampered society youth dependent upon the whims of his rich mother for a dollar in his tailor-made pants pocket.

The decision seems at first to be an exception to the general rule, that in case of divorce, the mother, rich or poor, good, bad or indifferent, gets the children, unless she is unspeakably bad. The referee's report, a remarkable document, makes the reasons clear.

It would be hard to find a pair of parents more startlingly contrasted. The referee refers to the advantages of the father's education. Yet they were the advantages of poverty because he was brought up by the widow of a Connecticut letter carrier who died in Harold's youth. In the face of this he went through high school and worked his way through Dartmouth College and Columbia University, so brilliantly that he won a Rhodes Scholarship, entitling him to further free education at Oxford University. The same brilliance and hard work got him a government chemistry student place during the war in the du Ponts' plant at Wilmington, Del.

There befell what seemed like the greatest piece of luck in the world but turned out to be the young man's bitterest disappointment. He met, loved and eventually married Alicia Maddox du Pont, adopted daughter of the late Alfred I. who is not really a du Pont but the daughter of his second wife, the former Mrs. Alicia Maddox, by a previous marriage. Unlike her bridegroom, this child had not had to go out and struggle for educational or any other advantages—these were brought to her on a golden platter. Or, as the report says of Alicia:

"On the other hand the mother has never had any schooling. Her education consisted entirely of private instruction by governesses and tutors, extending only to her sixteenth year, after which she says she specialized in music. She is evidently a woman of refinement, but, through no fault of hers, she lacked the advantages of those associations and contacts to be found in school where pupils learn not only from teachers but from one another; where they learn not only about privileges but also about rights, duties and obligations; where they learn to give and take and respect the rights and feelings of others and practice forbearance and avoid intolerance.

"This handicap in her training, I think explains in part the mother's attitude with regards to the legal rights of the father. In my opinion this difference in education is sufficient alone to justify leaving the boy in the father's custody during school days."

Judge Gavegan had a personal interview with Alan and careful reports made by neutral investigators of the boy, from which he quotes as follows:

"He (Alan) still needs help to acquire a sportsmanlike attitude when disappointed and more general consideration of others. He is gradually learning to take the social consequences of selfish attitudes.

"Alan has still many virtues to acquire. He is aggressive and intolerant as well as domineering in his relationships. He must learn to respect the rights and privileges of others and to be courteous to those who deal with him."

In other words, the referee thought that Alan was at the parting of the ways. If steered vigorously in one direction, he might turn out a capable, self-reliant young man. If allowed to go in the opposite direction which he would do without steering he promised to become one of those sad misfits, a grown-up spoiled child. Which parent would spoil him and which make a man of Alan?

The record showed that from their marriage in 1922 until Februry, 1925, the couple got along reasonably happily. Then after a quarrel she left her husband and baby. A few months later she sued for custody of the baby, and got it. Under the award, the father had the right to see his son four months of the year. In 1926 Mrs. Glendening secured a Reno divorce, testimony revealed, despite the fact that Glendening had refused to allow divorce proceedings and had requested her to return to him, for the good of the boy. In 1928 Glendening sought, and obtained a court order giving him custody of the child, who was then six years old, declaring that this was necessary to assure unbroken schooling for the now growing boy.

"The mother," the referee recites, "contends that the father has been using the boy as a pawn to extort money from her. The father contends that she has been using Alan as a pawn to exact from him a validation of her Nevada divorce—a matter relating to her own personal freedom of action and of somewhat doubtful reuationship to the eventual welfare of their child."

Testimony disclosed that when Glendening's salary was only $35 a week he refused her offer of $75,000 cash to give her a divorce and custody of the child. His price was nothing for himself, but that she must set aside a trust fund of half a million for the boy.

Instead she went to Reno and obtained a default divorce which she admitted her own lawyers warned her would be of no value in New York State. She broke her agreement with her husband and violated the orders of the court by secretly taking the child out of school and spiriting him away to Panama.

Then, when Alan was six years old, she turned his legal custody to the father and married Victor R. Llewellyn, an officer of the Welsh Guards.

But the heiress quarreled with her second husband and walked out of his life in the same way as she had from that of the first. Alicia vainly sought happiness in various ways and places, and then tragically decided that what made her life so empty was suppressed heart-hunger for the boy she had relinquished when that heart was full of love for the Englishman. So she notified Glendening that she had changed her mind and wanted her boy back, according to the referee.

"The respondent has separated herself physically and spiritually from her child for long periods of time," the justice said. "She continued to live with Victor Llewellyn from June, 1933, to May, 1934, when she returned to this country. No issue resulting from that union, the mother apparently experienced a renewed longing for her only child in America."

Ralph Elsman, Jr., Whose Father, a Former Brooklyn Gas Magnate, Made Extraordinary Sacrifices to Secure His Custody to Control His Bringing Up.

Baby Billie Marie Threlkeld, Whose Mama Was Rich and Papa Poor, Like the Glendenings, But Whose Upbringing Was Solved by Letting Neither Have Her.

On the important point of how much gain the child would receive from his mother's $70,000 a year, the referee points out:

"Out of this income the mother spent a total of from $6,000 to $8,000 on Alan in all the years from 1929 to 1935. The father has spent virtually all his income during these years in supporting Alan, maintaining a home for him and giving him an education. His official school reports show that Alan lost most of his school work during the time when he was with his mother, while they show that he did excellent work and made wonderful progress while he was with his father."

"But," the report continues, "the mother has suffered much, and much allowance should be made for her as a mother. She has suffered because of the handicap in her education, for which she was not to blame. She has suffered because of her unfortunate matrimonial experiences and she has suffered through her years of futile quest for happiness in different cities, states and countries."

For years psychologists have declared that there are certain periods in a boy's life when he most needs the guidance of a mother, but that there are other periods when lack of a father may have disastrous effects on his character. Psychiatrists' textbooks mention "mother fixations" as being common among boys who when they reach the 'teen age are too closely associated with feminine ideas and ideals, but seldom, in American legal history, has this theory been brought into play.

"At the present age of twelve," Justice Gavegan said, "Alan needs the supervision and guidance of a parent with his father's educational qualifications, just as he needed tender maternal care at six years of age when his mother consented to the father's sole custody."

As for his future if given to his mother, the justice points out:

"It is not impossible that he should incur the displeasure of his mother, a temperamental woman, by marrying against her wishes...Unless and until he becomes self supporting, a result more likely to be achieved in the custody of the father than in the custody of the mother, he would be mostly dependent on his mother who receives more income in a single month than his father earns in a single year.

"It is a simple matter," Justice Gavegan declared, "for the court to decide the custody of children between quarreling parents where the father is a worthless character or the mother a dissolute person. It is a most difficult and painful duty, however, in a case like this where no such charges are involved."

After weighing the value of each parent, in terms of the need of young Alan, the referee, therefore, gave custody of the child to the father. Mrs. Llewellyn has the right to have the child during the Summer months, and Alan is to be allowed to visit his mother during the Winter at stipulated periods. Glendening, however, is to have full charge of the education of the boy. The New York State Supreme Court upheld the report of Justice Gavegan, and awarded Alan to his father, despite the boy's preference for his mother.

Justice Gavegan gave little weight to the child's expressed desire. The referee inferred that it was only natural for a boy of twelve to decide that such luxuries as Mrs. Llewellyn could give him were of far more value than the education which his father insists that he obtain. Justice Gavegan said that when Alan was older his personal wishes might have more weight, but even then the boy might prefer to live with his wealthy mother, and that this was another reason why the father should not be penalized by the mother's greater fortune.

Another man who devoted his life to preventing his baby from being "blasted by a mother's love" is Ralph Elsman, former Brooklyn gas magnate. Finding that his wife had an advantage because she had nothing to do all day but "rig ambushes against him," while he had to devote his days to his business, he gave up his career and retired.

He divorced his wife, married the baby's nurse to make sure it got the best of care, provided it with two sisters for companions, furnished two $250,000 country estates and everything else it could possibly want. When the wife started trying to upset his plans he satisfied her, so he asserted, with $600,000 cash and an agreement to inflict her pet name of "Doody" on the infant. But the war went on and on. After one of his legal victories she sent him this telegram:

"Congratulations on winning the case. You have relieved me tremendously. Now I can sail for the Continent in peace. Please have your nursemaid wife take good care of my baby. You know she has a habit of striking him in the face so watch her."

When a wife divorces a rich man the lawyers fight furiously for custody of the children because with it goes big money. From force of habit this happened in the case of Mr. and Mrs. William Threlkeld of San Francisco. But Mrs. Threlkeld, only daughter of Walter Linforth, wealthy corporation lawyer, had all the money anyway, so one morning, she planted baby Billie Marie Threlkeld in its astonished father's arms and walked away saying:

"Here's what you asked for."

Next morning when the mother stepped out of her house, her ex-husband jumped from behind a tree, forced the infant into its mother's unwelcoming arms and departed saying:

"I've changed my mind. She needs a mother's loving care."

After that the parents tossed the poor little thing back and forth at each other until its wealthy grandfather took pity on its plight and accepted custody.

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Freed After "Mercy Murder" Of Her Own Mother

"ISN'T there something that can be done?"

Time after time Muriel Wilsdon put that question to doctors in a London hospital, where her mother was suffering from a brain disease that was causing paralysis to creep over her body. But the answer was always the same. Nothing to do, but wait. There was no hope whatever for recovery, and it might be months, perhaps a year or more, before the final stages of the disease would set in and bring an end to the suffering.

If they were permitted to do so, the doctors could have stopped Mrs. Wilsdon's suffering in a minute. By injecting an overdose of morphine, they could have released her forever from her pain and her mental distress, and from a life that was of no use to her any longer. But the ethics of the medical profession, and the law, forbid doctors to do that—even when it seems to be the humane thing to do. It is the business of doctors to prolong human life, never to take it. So week after week, Mrs. Mildred Wilsdon lay in her bed, gradually getting worse, and there was nothing the doctors could do for her.

Each afternoon when Muriel finished her work in the office where she was a stenographer, she hurried to her mother's bedside. Usually she took along special things to eat—fresh fruit, a slice of cake or a frozen custard. The disease had not yet interfered with Mrs. Wilsdon's digestion, and she could eat anything she wanted—or anything she could be persuaded to eat. Although she no longer enjoyed eating, her daughter was continually trying to find delicacies that might interest her, and might take her mind from her suffering for a few moments. These would be given to her, and she would be urged to feed herself, in the hope that the use of her feeble hands might hold back the creeping paralysis for a little while.

For hours at a time, Muriel would sit by the bed, watching her mother move her head from side to side in helpless anguish.

Under such circumstances, it would not be strange for anyone to come to the conclusion that it would be merciful to hasten death in some painless manner, and that is what the authorities say that Muriel did.

One morning a nurse entered the room and found Mrs. Wilsdon unconscious. On a chair by the bed were three chocolate-coated peppermint creams. Lying there, they seemed harmless enough. But the nurse knew of no reason

Police Say That Muriel, Having Poisoned the Candy, Visited Her Mother at the Hospital as Usual, and Fed Her the Sweets Which Quickly Brought Death.

why Mrs. Wilsdon should suddenly lose consciousness. It was not in keeping with the customary progress of her disease. So a doctor was called, and the three pieces of candy turned over to him.

The doctor found that Mrs. Wilsdon had a high fever, and that she apparently had contracted pneumonia. Without regaining consciousness, she grew weaker and weaker, and three days later she died.

Pneumonia is a complication that often sets in when people have been injured, or may be suffering from certain other diseases. But in this case the doctors were puzzled. They could see no reason why Mrs. Wilsdon should suddenly contract pneumonia.

So an autopsy was ordered, and it was found that in the patient's vital organs was a considerable amount of veronal, a drug that produces sleep and will cause death if taken in sufficiently large quantities. An analysis of the chocolate creams discovered on the chair by the bed showed that they also contained veronal. Then Mrs. Wilsdon must have been killed by an overdose of veronal, and in the eyes of the law, whoever gave it to her had committed murder.

The authorities immediately suspected the daughter, and they say that when they started to question her she admitted that she had done it, and added:

"I could not bear the suspense any longer."

Then, according to the authorities, she gave them the following account of how she did it:

She went to several drug stores with a prescription for veronal, and some druggists refused to fill it for her, but others gave her what she wanted. At two places she got ten grains each and at another twelve grains, making thirty-two in all. These pellets she crushed into a powder, which she mixed with the peppermint filler in seven pieces of candy. Taking this with her, she went to the hospital —to see her mother alive for the last time. She drew a chair up to the bed, and bending forward, she gazed for quite a while at her mother's pain-twisted features and at the eyes that were weary and distracted with suffering. Then she gave her mother four pieces of the poisoned candy, and sat there, watching her mother eat them, one by one. Afterwards, she put the three pieces that remained on the chair, close enough for her mother to reach them, and went away.

When this story was disclosed, everyone felt sorry for the girl. In fact, the authorities who questioned her afterwards said that several times they stopped her and asked her if she realized what she was saying, and if it could not be possible that she was mistaken about it. But, they said, she insisted that it was all true, at the same time giving them the impression that she thought it was a merciful deed.

English law is strict. A murder is a murder, whatever may have been the motive, and whoever is accused of it must stand trial. English juries, too, are known for their severity—that is why they don't have "crime waves" in England. But the jury that recently heard the case against 22-year-old Muriel Wilsdon must have decided there was not enough evidence to prove she had actually killed her mother, despite the testimony of the officers in regard to the alleged confession, or that even though she may have done it, the circumstances were such that she should not be punished. At any rate, Muriel was set free.

Private Zoo With 500 Animals Is An Expensive Hobby

THERE are hobbies and hobbies. Stanwood Park, at Farmington, Maine, with 500 wild and domestic animals and birds, one of the largest and most educational zoos in New England, is the hobby of Archie S. Pratt. A hobby that few ordinary mortals could or would wish to indulge because it costs better than $350 a month, or well up to $5,000 a year, simply to feed his stock, to say nothing of the initial expenses and the upkeep.

This curious park is situated on what was known as the old Hayes Farm, where stood the second oldest house in Farmington, bought more than 100 years ago by a Hayes and always occupied by some member of the Hayes family ever since. Mrs. Pratt was Elia Hayes and the old homestead has been converted into a modern dwelling, well furnished and with every convenience to be found in city dwellings.

The estate contains 600 acres. Up to recently Pratt asked no admission to Stanwood Park, then he was forced to put on the nominal charge of 10 cents. It was suggested that that modest sum would not go far toward paying expenses.

"Bless you, no," laughed the genial middle-aged proprietor. "I would have to ask at least 25 cents admission to pay for the food alone consumed in the Zoo. No, Stanwood Park, I must admit, is just a hobby of mine; an expensive one, too. I love animals and always have. When I was a boy I made pets of squirrels, woodchucks, raccoons, and even snakes. Do you know how I came to start this exhibition? No? Well I'll tell you.

"About 10 years ago I heard that a little bear which an Abbott School boy had captured in Canada was for sale. I went over to the school, which is here in Farmington, and my heart ached to see Bobby confined in a small box to be poked and plagued by many. So I bought the cub and chained it to a tree with plenty of space to run around. It soon drew a lot of curious folk. Thinking the thing over, I mused that if ONE bear would interest so many, TWO bears ought to double the attendance. That is how Stanwood Park ha dits genesis."

The Big Moose Suddenly Appeared Behind the Man Who Was Sawing Wood, and When the Workman Ran to the House, the Tame Creature Followed Him Through the Door.

Today there is the zoo which occupies about 25 acres, overnight cottages, parking space, electric lights, city water, a roadside store, a restaurant, delightful walks and nooks to rest in. Undoubtedly, considerable income is derived from the combination of all these things, but then considerable income is needed to maintain 500 wild and domestic creatures.

"Well, after Bobby, came nine more cub bears," Pratt continued. "Then came bunnies—rabbits and hares—until there were 250 of them of different varieties—New Zealand Red, Flemish Giants, Belgian Hares and just plain rabbits from the Maine forests. Later I added African lions, Bengal tigers, moose, two buffalo, coyotes, American eagles, deer, including an albino; squirrels, baboons, descented skunks, a peccary, raccoons, pigeons of many varieties, peacocks, pheasants, guinea hens, Arctic owls and horned owls, several species of the hawk family, beavers, badgers, muskrats, woodchucks, opossums, a paca, an agouti, ferrets, anteaters, coyotes, bobcats and monkeys, a whole cage full of them, including the spider monkey, very rare and with no thumbs.

"I buy animals whenever and wherever I find them if the price isn't too steep. No animal in Stanwood Park is abused and I insist on plenty of food and cleanliness. I got some lions from a circus that stranded in Maine. All my animals know me, but the badger—which absolutely refuses to be tamed—and will come when I call. The wildcat is also shy and except for one brought up from a kitten they are very timid of humans.

"There is a lot more pleasure than profit in this hobby," Pratt laughed, "and I regretted having to put up gates and charge even a small admission, but the zoo has grown so fast I had to do it. I am happy with the animals and I think they are happy too. They just expect good treatment from the dozen or so attendants about the place."

Most of the cages, coops and pens are made right on the farm, but the heavy cages for the lions, tigers and bears were bought and the zoo account books show that they cost around $1,000 each. To guard against escape the cages and pens are all wired underground with heavy wire netting so if the animals dig down to a certain level they encounter this unsurmountable obstacle to freedom.

Much of the great fed is from horses and cows that have outlived their usefulness and are humanely killed before being used as food. For such animals Pratt keeps an advertisement standing in the Farmington paper. He also buys hundreds of tons of grain, dozens of bunches of bananas, 1,000 loaves of bread at a time, hundreds of bushels of apples, carrots, beets, as well as cabbage, fish and milk in great quantities. For the most part the vegetables are raised right there on the farm and the milk comes from park cows.

It is quite evident that the different enterprises work in together. Bread or rolls bought for the restaurant are turned over to the zoo for food if they get stale. Lettuce in great quantities is fed the monkeys and some other animals, raised in part at least for the restaurant, the surplus going to the animals.

One of the attendants is a veterinarian, so in case any animal should become ill it can have immediate attention. A crane broke its leg one day, but it was quickly and intelligently set and is as strong as ever today. As with humans one soon comes to know when an animal fails physically below par. Comparatively few of these zoo inmates die before their time.

Bobby, the little cub bear from which the zoo started, is still alive and well. Baby bears contrast strikingly with the great Asiatic specimen which weighs 600 pounds. A Java monkey from the Indian Ocean region is an interesting attraction. Incidentally, one of the monkeys bit Pratt in the arm a year ago. Blood poison set in and it was feared he might die, but a strong constitution pulled him through and today he is well again. Russian wolf hounds, Spitz dogs and a raccoon are privileged pets that all play together.

"I got a moose in a peculiar manner," Pratt related. "Back on a farm at Strong a man who was sawing wood in his door yard looked up and saw a big moose standing right back of him. He was startled and sprinted for the barn, only to find that the creature was slowly following him. From a vantage he watched it approach, look through the open door, and then, evidently curious over a calf, it walked inside. He shut the door and telephoned me. When I went up to her, she let me pat her neck and direct her up a platform to my big motor van. And there she was. Probably she had been fed in someone's yard before or she would not have been so tame."

Shot Food Thief, Then Risked Life To Save Him

THERE are two unwritten laws in the grim white Winter fastness of Canada's far-flung North, inhabited by trappers, traders and miners. The first says a man must not disturb another's food cache except in case of dire necessity; the second says a man must not fail to render aid to another in distress. Like the unwritten law of the northwestern frontier days that stipulated death as the penalty for stealing another's horse, these laws are necessary for the preservation of human life.

How Otto Schmid, German war veteran and trapper, shot a man whom he charged with breaking the first law and then risked his own life to fulfill the second forms one of the strangest of the many strange dramas that have been enacted in the desolate frozen North.

Late in October, Schmid discovered that two of his caches had been looted. After investigation, he accused Eric Moeller, compatriot and rival trapper. He took up the matter with the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and later discovered still another cache looted. Schmid grimly started out to look for Moeller.

Thinking to trap the suspect, he started out in a circle to approach his cabin. His suspicion was well-founded. Moeller was there. The tracks of his snowshoes were all around the cabin.

"Moeller!" cried Schmid, angrily.

Moeller darted out of the cabin and reached for his gun.

Pulling his rifle to his shoulder, Schmid dropped to one knee. A sharp crack of his game rifle shattered the vast white silence. A shooting eye that has been trained behind a Mauser in Flanders fields proved true and Moeller fell, his blood dyeing the snow.

The bullet shattered Moeller's left elbow, plunged into his side and lodged in his abdomen. Groaning, the wounded man picked himself up and staggered inside the cabin. Schmid turned and started for the nearest settlement at Whitecourt to report the shooting to a Royal Canadian Mounted Police post.

The trapper told the mountie he did not think Moeller was dead. The policeman was practical.

"Well, he'll soon die unless someone goes out and brings him in," he said.

"I'll go," said Schmid, quietly.

The trapper had been forty-eight hours without sleep.

Moeller Darted Out of the Cabin and Reached for His Gun. Schmid Pointed His Rifle and Fired. The Wounded Man Staggered Back Into the Cabin.

He seemed on the point of exhaustion. It was a thirty-five-mile trip to the cabin where Moeller lay wounded, the sub-zero weather was bitterly cold—and there was a very good chance that Moeller, thinking his wound fatal, might gain vengeance by drilling his enemy through the head as he approached the cabin.

Schmid quickly harnessed a team of dogs to a sled, his whip whistled over the head of the lead dog and, with a cry of "Mush! Mush!" he started north. He had spurned a plea that he catch a couple of hours sleep before starting out.

"Every hour counts," he said.

For two days nothing was heard of the trapper. Northerners shook their heads. Schmid had collapsed on the trail through lack of sleep, they said. It is very easy to slumber on cold Northern trails, to make a delicious surrender to limb-numbing exhaustion—and never wake up.

But Schmid was doggedly plugging ahead. He would not let himself sleep as he alternately pushed behind the sled or ran in the tracks. As he neared the cabin he called: "Moeller, it's me, Schmid. I've come to take you to the hospital." There was an answering cry. At least Moeller was still alive.

Weak from loss of blood and pain, his clothes stiff with dried blood, Moeller greeted the man who was at once his enemy and his benefactor silently. Schmid made Moeller as comfortable as possible on the sled and the strange party started south. It was something like incidents Schmid had seen in France when soldiers had braved gunfire or other dangers to aid a stricken enemy in agony.

The pair did not talk. There was really nothing to talk about and the circumstances made conversation difficult.

They encountered another trapper, Dave Warwick, who recovered from his astonishment over the story of what had happened sufficiently to secure a pack horse and Moeller was transferred to the horse in order to make faster time. The snow was not deep as it was early Winter.

Fifteen miles from the destination, it was discovered that the feet of the wounded man had been frozen. Locating a sheltered spot, Schmid and Warwick rubbed Moeller's feet with snow until circulation was restored and the onerous trek continued to Whitecourt.

Through the night, a motor ambulance bucked snow-filled roads for 220 miles to rush Moeller to the nearest modern hospital at Edmonton, where skilled surgeons battled to save his life. The experience which would have killed most men was not fatal to the rugged German trapper and he is making slow progress towards recovery.

Meanwhile, Schmid gave himself up to the mounted police.

"I did no wrong," he said stolidly. "He stole my food and would have shot me if I had not shot him." He did not mention that he had risked his life to save the life of the man he had shot.

But the law of His Majesty the King is supreme over the law of the North and on the docket for hearing in the Alberta Supreme Court at Edmonton is the entry: "Unlawful wounding—King George V. vs. Otto Schmid."

The Million-To-One Chance Meeting And Its Tragic Climax

THE chances against Ahmed Nait and Abdul Guddir picking the same hotel in Paris must have been about one million to one. But they did, and that is how their desperate game of hide-and-seek recently came to an abrupt end—on the doorstep of this small hotel, in a side street, far away from their native Algeria.

It was raining, and Nait was standing at the hotel entrance, waiting for the shower to stop. Then Guddir came down from his room, strolled across the lobby, and walked out to the front of the hotel, pausing close to the one man in the world he least wanted to see. Without looking at each other, they stood there for several minutes, staring at the wet pavement.

If it had not kept on raining, they might have turned in opposite directions, without ever knowing that they had been standing shoulder to shoulder at last. But evidently fate had decided that the time had come to get this matter settled, once and for all.

At any rate, it did not stop raining, and a few moments later Guddir made a casual and innocent remark, just as anyone might to a stranger whose face he had not seen. But that was all that was needed to put an end to their odd game of hide-and-seek.

The trouble between these two North African tribesmen started about a year ago. At that time, Nait was in Paris, looking for work, and while he was there he received a message from relatives, telling him that his wife had run away with Guddir. As fast as he could, he returned to his home—only to learn that Guddir had become frightened and left the country.

The wife was sent back to her own family. It was not necessary that Nait kill her. But in keeping with tribal custom, he swore that he would kill Guddir the next time they came face to face. He preferred to have this meeting in Algeria, for in that case, if he should succeed in killing Guddir he would not be punished for it. Among his own people, a husband is expected to slay anyone who steals his wife.

But Nait knew that in most other countries, the law frowns upon such an impetuous practice. Yet what could he do? If he remained in Algeria, there was little hope that Guddir would walk into a trap, and in accordance with the tradition of his race, he could not rest easy as long as his enemy was alive.

So he decided to play a subtle game. Pretending that the disgrace that Guddir had brought upon him was more than he could bear, he went away, telling no one where he was going except his close relatives. He was sure that sooner or later Guddir would hear that he had left Algeria, apparently never to return. Such news as that would in all probability cause Guddir to become bold and go back to the desert. Secretly recalled by his relatives, Nait would then be able to pounce on his enemy and take his revenge without running the risk of punishment.

It was an excellent plan, and it might have worked—except that in their wanderings, both men happened to go to Paris, and happened to pick out the same hotel in which to hide from each other.

So there they stood on the doorstep, shoulder to shoulder, waiting for the rain to stop. Finally Guddir heaved a deep sigh, and casually remarked:

"I wonder how much longer this is going to keep up."

At the sound of that voice, Nait swept around and gasped. He and his enemy were face to face at last—and in a flash he whipped out his knife and drove it through Guddir's heart.

Afterwards, Nait argued that under the laws of his own country he had a right to kill Guddir, and when that failed to get him off, he changed his story and said he had struck in self-defense. But the police pointed out that this could not be so, for when they arrived Guddir's knife was still in its sheath. Even so, the French court was lenient. Nait was sent to prison for five years. Nowhere in the court's records could there be found a case where the odds against such a weird meeting of enemies were quite so great. Police figured it was really a million-to-one chance.

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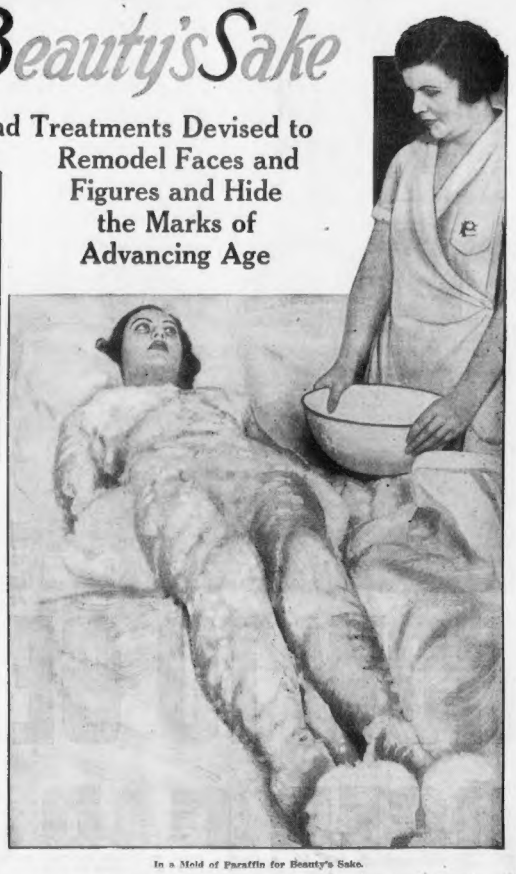
What Women Endure for Beauty's Sake

Astonishing and Often Painful Appliances and Treatments Devised to Remodel Faces and Figures and Hide the Marks of Advancing Age

Applying a Mixture of Clay, Mud, Cold Cream and Other Ingredients. It Takes Twenty Minutes to Remove, but Madam Has the Satisfaction of Having a Semblance of a Baby's Skin for a While After the Torture Is Over.



In a Maid of Paraffin for Beauty's Sake.

IN GRANDMOTHER'S time the women watched the marks of advancing maturity, and as the cheeks sagged and the wrinkles multiplied they went into retirement and mourning. Grandma took her knitting to the fireside and watched life slip by. But women of today do not surrender to the marks of time. Nowadays when the first wrinkle appears they hurry out, find a beauty specialist and consult as to what to do.

Sometimes the remedy is a severe one, but no torture seems too great to be borne if there is promise of the appearance of renewed youth. Beauty surgery sometimes cuts the throat; reduces the thickness of the ankles; makes the jowls disappear; readjusts the skin to the lines of the face; widens the eyes and makes the mouth smaller. Besides all this, the beauty specialist offers a large variety of noses to his client to choose from. But each of these repairs has its own expert technician, and in this great field of feminine beautification there are frauds and fakers and bunglers. Not all lawyers or doctors are skilled and so it is with the beauty specialists as women have sometimes learned to their sorrow.

One specialist makes over the contour of the waist-line and bust. This expert remodels bosoms so well that a woman wrote him and enclosed a photograph with this inscription:

"To Dr. M——— the father of my breasts, the most beautiful in the world." But to him she was nothing more than one of his patients, one of many which he made over.

The celebrated Dr. Fassot who has died recently in Paris was an incomparable artist in making over faces. Today the details of his reconstructions of cheeks, eyes and noses are being studied by plastic surgeons everywhere.

Mud Baths Are Supposed to Make New Skin, So This Young Woman Covers Herself With Slime and Does Not Seem to Mind the Messy Stuff.

The most prevalent treatment is face-lifting. The usual method is to make an incision in the jowls where the hair meets the ears, near the jawbone, and pull the skin until the surface of the face is smooth, then cut the skin and sew up the incision. No wrinkles are left. The only person who suffers from this is the "tonsorial artist," who has to arrange a hair style which will cover up the scar. The owner of one of the most frequented hairdressing shops said recently:

"Women have their hair cut short to make them look thinner. After the hair is cut and it is so short that it sticks out all over the head they see that the scars from their face-lifting can be seen. Yesterday Mrs. S., a blonde, came into my shop, wringing her hands: 'Look,' she cried. 'You have exposed my scars. What will I do?'"

Applying a Paraffin Mask to the Features.

Peeling the Mask From a Rejuvenated Face.

In America beauty salons have almost the dignity of a national academy and they show off their treatments. But in Europe the women are ashamed of them, nor has beauty treatment attained the perfection which it knows in the United States. That is why many European women go to America once or twice a year to lose a few wrinkles and slice a few months off their apparent age.

Women with fading charms must continue to patronize periodically one of these scientific Fountains of Youth to repair Time's ravages as well as she can. This process is most tiresome for the patient because it has to begin all over again after a short while. After one's face has been lifted several times there is no skin left to cut off. Sometimes the skin is cut unequally so that the right eye looks smaller than the left eye—the unskilful plastic surgeon has given his patient what is known as a "nasty look."

These incisions, seams and scars sometimes deform the natural expression little by little. Eyes that were once the size of saucers are likely to be narrowed into Oriental slits. Cheeks that once had the contours of a baby's may be hollowed into emaciation.

But men try the same process, too. An actor who has just had his features renovated, proclaims his joy and pride. His face is magnificent, but his neck was less successful. As one of his friends remarked it has the appearance of the neck of a turkey gobbler.

Some days ago a young manicurist met a young man who persisted in waiting for her at the door of the beauty salon where she worked. He took her home. When questioned by her friends the young woman answered:

"Oh, no, there is nothing between us."

But, said one of the friends:

"I heard you say to the taxi-driver: 'Drive through the park and drive slowly. We are in a hurry.' Now what did those incongruous remarks mean?"

The manicurist answered:

"Well, you see, he doesn't like to come to the beauty salon to have his nails done so I meet him after hours and we drive through the park, the scenery is pleasant and the slower we go the quicker the nails are done."

A brilliant singer of advancing years has just made her screen debut after her divorce from a rich race-track owner. This fact alone would have made her a success, but many people were astounded at her youthful beauty. She confessed that she had submitted to a strict regime.

The other day she met a well-known playwright who told her that he had just finished a new play, the principal role of which was designed for her amply proportioned ability.

"What a pity," she cried, "that you did not have the inspiration before I grew so thin."

Some institutes of beauty take boarders. A rigorous treatment of renovation which lasts three weeks is called "peeling." In other words, the dry dead skin of the face is peeled off and a new one permitted to grow in its place. One well-known actress was asked by one of these institutes if they could use her name for an advertisement. She was rather skeptical about letting her friends know she had been "made over." She asked to see the text of the ad and was amazed to read:

"In the city as well as on the stage, Mlle. P——— wears only the skin of the Institute D———."

Fortunately, for the seekers after beauty, it isn't always necessary to resort to surgery for "that school girl complexion." One satisfactory, although fleeting means of obtaining a fresh, young-looking skin is through a liberal application of mud. Not just any old mud out of the backyard garden, but a certain type of clay that acts very much like the messy poultices grandmother used to make up when the children were afflicted with boils.

Like these poultices, the mud, as it dries, draws the skin tight, eradicates the wrinkles and leaves the patient with a fresh, smooth complexion. Of course the mud is at least as messy as grandma's poultice, and it has to be smeared over the entire face—or, if the patient is unusually particular, over the entire body, and it is quite a chore to remove it after it has dried, and hardened. Photographs on this page show the mud applied to the face, and, in one case, covering the body of the beauty seekers.

Unfortunately the mud "cure" lasts for only a few hours, so that anyone who wanted to get young looking, and stay that way, would have to spend a good share of her time in a mask of clay.

For those who think mud too messy, there is a substitute, in the form of paraffin. The paraffin must be melted so it is uncomfortably warm when it is applied. As it cools, it has a poultice effect, much like the mud, that leaves the patient with a smooth skin. And, like mud, the melted wax can be applied over the whole body, in the event that the beauty seeker feels it necessary to go to this extent.

The wax covering isn't quite so grotesque as the mud, and those who have tried it say it peels off much more easily—but at that, it appears to be an unpleasant ordeal.

Beauty specialists have evolved another "poultice," that has the same effect as mud or paraffin. This aid to beauty is a concoction of vegetables and medicinal herbs that is stewed, not unlike soup, and, when it reaches the proper consistency, is smeared over the patient's face. No child would ever recognize its mother during this treatment. As a matter of fact, a child who stumbled into a beauty parlor during a busy moment of mud packs, paraffin baths and vegetable beauty culture probably would emerge with a collection of phobias that only a patient psychiatrist could cure.

A Cosmetic Application Consisting of a Stew-like Mess Made of Vegetable and Medicinal Herbs and Intended to Freshen Up the Skin.

A woman's hair has been called her crowning glory, and when, a few years ago, the permanent wave was invented, it partook of the nature of torture. Once properly arranged in a permanent wave machine a woman looked like nothing so much as a nightmare, and for several hours she had to go through agony in the form of having her hair pulled, and her scalp burned. Fortunately the beauty specialists, when permanent waving became a national custom, figured out ways and means to lessen the torture, although a good "permanent" still requires hours of the beauty seeker's time and then is "permanent" only to the extent of several months.

Some of the "beauty treatments" are dangerous. Women have died from the effects of "fat reducing compounds" composed of some of the most dangerous drugs known to medicine.

But despite the pain, occasional danger and general disagreeableness of many beauty treatments, the attitude of the women seems to be that the results are worth it.

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HOW TO GET A DEPENDABLE USED CAR

Pick the Dealer— Then pick the Car!

"I LOOKED for a good used car without success until a friend recommended the Dodge dealer, Bishop, McCormick and Bishop, Inc. I have been thoroughly satisfied with the car—and it is giving me excellent service."—Murray Korenman, New York.

"I BOUGHT my present used car at Lonnie Hull, Inc., one of the Dodge dealers here," writes Mrs. U. G. Goodman, Los Angeles. "It was the nicest looking car anyone could desire. But the thing that pleases me most is the service it has given me."

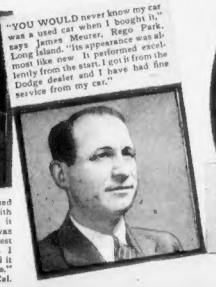
THOUSANDS REPORT SENSATIONAL USED CAR VALUES FROM DEPENDABLE DODGE DEALERS

Here are a few of the thousands of buyers who have picked the dealer—then picked the car—have found honest used car values at dependable Dodge dealers.

Read their comments on how Dodge dealers' used cars have given them real value. Then go—today—to your nearest Dodge dealer! There's one in your neighborhood!

"WE NEEDED a second car, and I didn't feel like buying a new one," says Gerry Waechter, Tacoma. "We have had such excellent service from Dodge that it was natural for me to go to Tommy Burns, Inc., Dodge dealers here, for a used car. I got a good looking job in excellent condition."

"MY SISTER and I bought our used car because, when we saw it at Smith Golden, Inc., Dodge dealer here, it looked like a brand new car! It was all polished up and was the nicest looking car anyone could desire. I have driven it over 5,000 miles and it hasn't given me a bit of trouble."—Matilda Wendnagel, Glendale, Cal.



"YOU WOULD never know my car was a used car when I bought it," says James Meurer, Rego Park, Long Island. "Its appearance was almost like new. It performed excellently from the start. I got it from the Dodge dealer and I have had fine service from my car."

"I AM through shopping around for a used car. The only way to get a used car it is to find a dependable dealer. I am thoroughly satisfied with my car. I have driven it 3,200 miles and it has performed as well as a new car. I got it from Oliver C. Joseph, the Dodge dealer."—Arthur J. Klein, St. Louis, Mo.

"WE HAVE put 5,500 miles on our used car. It still runs like new. We got it at one of the Dodge dealers, Cass Motor Sales, because a friend got such wonderful service from the used car he bought there. Ours has been the same experience."—A. J. Johnson, Detroit, Mich.

"I WANTED a car and my father felt I should be satisfied with a used car. His advice was to find a dependable dealer and I would have no trouble getting what I wanted. He recommended Short Line Motors, Inc., one of the Dodge dealers here. He was right. I got a swell buy."—Howard Pedersen, Winnieka.

No Matter What Make or Model—No Matter What You Want to Pay—Go to a Dependable Dealer if you Want a Real Buy

RECORD-SMASHING public favor that has made the great, new, Money-Saving Dodge the fastest-selling big car in America has stocked Dodge dealers all over the country with trade-ins that offer the most phenomenal used car "buys" in the experience of Dodge dealers everywhere.

These trade-ins include not only extraordinary values in Dodge and Plymouth cars—but many other makes of cars in all body types and colors . . . for every purse and purpose.

From Coast to Coast, literally thousands of "smart buyers" are insisting that the best way to buy a used car or a used truck is to pick a dependable Dodge dealer and then pick the car or the truck they want—not only because of the sensational values that are offered but because they know Dodge dealers' reputation for dealing in dependable merchandise. And they know that this is their greatest guarantee of honest used car and used truck value.

This envuable reputation has been won by Dodge dealers everywhere, because for 22 years the words Dodge and "Dependability" have been synonymous. It was inevitable that Dodge should attract business men who know that their finest asset is the steady year-in-and-year-out patronage of the "buyer who comes back" because of honest merchandise, honestly priced.

If you need a used car or a used truck go to a dependable Dodge dealer first. You will find what you want, at the price you want to pay—and you'll be certain to get a real, honest "buy!" And be sure to ask about the easy and economical terms offered by the Official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Company Time Payment Plan!

DODGE

DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Teaching School Children to Enjoy a Good Joke

Interesting Class in a Denver School That Develops a Sense of Humor in the Pupils and Shows Them How to Distinguish Between What Is Funny and What Is Silly

NOT A BAD JOKE, BUT A VULGAR DRAWING.
"Did you know Lady Godiva was in a circus?"
"No, really?"
"Yeh. She was the first bare-back rider."

GLOBE Photo.

In This School the Teacher Comes Every Morning Prepared to Open the Lessons With a Funny Story That Sets Everybody Off for the Day in Good Humor With a Hearty Laugh. This Photograph Indicates That the Story on This Morning Must Have Been a Mighty Good One.

AN EXCELLENT EXAMPLE OF REAL HUMOR.
"Gentlemen:
"When I was in New York the other day I sent home a Louis XIV bed. I now find that it is too short for my husband.
"Please send a Louis XV at once. Very truly yours,
"HELEN C——."
(From "Dumb-bell Letters," by Juliet Lowell.)

THERE are no standards of humor; what sounds or seems funny to one person may be no joke to another. What is known as a "sense of humor" seems to be highly developed in some people and completely lacking in others. Because a person smiles or laughs or appears jolly is no evidence of a sense of humor. Such persons may be utterly dumb in their capacity for seeing the really funny aspect of occurrences about them.

Is the lack of a sense of humor, like color-blindness, a defect which cannot be remedied—or is it possible to educate a person into an appreciation of what is really funny? That is one of the problems which Miss Elizabeth Ellis, principal of the Pine Hill School, one of the public schools of Denver, Colorado, is endeavoring to work out, and in her effort in stimulating her grade school pupils in their appreciation of the funny side of life, Miss Ellis has learned that humor is to be found in many kinds, qualities and shades. In endeavoring to infuse a sense of humor in the scholars, she guides the pupils along lines of humor that flow naturally and normally, humor that comes from gentle amusement, that stimulates a good laugh from a bright story well told, from a spontaneous revelation of comradely fun. The teacher believes that humor is valuable because it aids self-control and acts as a splendid solvent for bad temper.

School is a dreary place for some children and various efforts have been made to amuse and cheer up the school child, sometimes with good results. In the Orchard Place school in Bristol, England, every day's lesson begins with a good hearty laugh. The teachers have been chosen for their well developed sense of humor and it is a part of their task to come to school in the morning with a funny story with which the day's work is opened. The children look forward to this with eagerness and the effect of the bright atmosphere when the bell rings lasts sometimes nearly all day. The photograph on this page leaves no doubt as to how effective the morning funny story was the day it was taken.

The "sense of humor" class in Miss Ellis' school is a part of a program which sets aside half an hour each day for the students to participate in entertainment activities.

Songs are sung; stories told; poems read; riddles propounded; conundrums related; pictures shown; travelogues displayed and discussed. Children relate their experiences during Summer vacation; tell of activities in their own homes; indulge in every form of articulate pastime that is wholesome and beneficial.

A DIRTY DIG ALL AROUND.
"Is he a nice boy?"
"No, he's collegiate; but I think you'll like him."

"With these groups," Miss Ellis explained, "the class that involves the sense of humor project is conducted in an even tenor. There is always considerable enthusiasm, but no undue hilarity. The activities are directed by a teacher, but the pupils are given every opportunity to carry on without a too restricted supervision. They are organized into committees and chairmen and a large part of the activities are suggested by the pupils themselves.

"In this atmosphere 'jokes' are told frequently. But we take great care to discriminate between that which is funny and that which is merely silly or not fitted for youthful minds. As a matter of fact, the children themselves are quick to evaluate, and they promptly label as bores those who always try to be 'funny.'"

In the cultivation of a sense of humor, the teacher exercises a modified censorship that prevents utterances that might be objectionable or offensive to the juvenile mind. When the committees and chairmen suggest a period of joke telling, in preference to singing songs or reciting verse, all prepared matter and ideas expressed orally are given supervision before they are placed before the class.

If little Hubert has a story about a wife who refuses to obey her husband—and thinks he sees something funny in it—the teacher finds a gentle way of persuading him against relating the circumstance, or if Jane waxes enthusiastic about the great confusion that occurred at her home this morning when mother and dad wanted to get into the bathroom at the same time, the teacher's discretion promptly censors the tale. But when Bobby has a "good one" that his father said about the shape of the world, then he is permitted to tell his classmates that "my daddy says the world is in terrible shape."

Miss Ellis keeps no case record of the humor developed from the telling of jokes, but declares there are innumerable cases of genuine, subtle and wholesome humor resulting from the spontaneous and natural expression permitted the children in the "sense of humor" class. Salvos of laughter greet narrations that would sound flat on paper, but tickle the risibilities of the youngsters. And frequently the manner of telling the joke is as humorous as the story itself.

For example: Albert twisted and squirmed uneasily — perhaps from memory of the consequences—when he told about emptying his bank and spending savings totaling several dollars.

As related by Albert, his mother was cleaning house. She discovered, to her amazement, that Albert's bank was empty. She asked her hopeful what became of the money.

"Well," Albert said, truthfully, "this was a rainy day, so I spent the money I had saved."

The entire class readily connected the story with the adage about saving for a rainy day.

And the older groups recognized the humor in the following story told by a 10-year-old:

"On my way home from school a man followed me. I went into an alley, but he came right on. I ran up a side street, but he was still after me. I ran into a drug store and told the man I wanted some cold cream so I could get this chap off my hands."

"The appreciation of humor," Miss Ellis said, "is not confined exclusively to this special class or work. Sometime ago the 6A class took over a very interesting project, that of fitting out a baby carriage for a needy family who were blessed with twins. In addition the family had four other children. After a baby carriage was located I sent two larger boys to bring it to the school. When they got it to the main floor one of them got into the carriage and the other came wheeling him into my office. The Irish grandmother that is within me rose up and laughed, thinking that was very funny.

"We are careful, of course, to stress things that are NOT humorous, such as laughing at mistakes and showing off. Laughing at mistakes is a matter of bad manners, and young children can be made very uncomfortable and unhappy when they are subjected to ridicule.

"Showing off, being 'smart alecky,' or impertinent, is a rather stupid way of getting attention. A new boy pupil from out of the city who came to us this year bid for attention by showing off—affecting silly motions and saying silly things—to get the class to laugh at him. A group of boys came to me and complained that he was 'acting crazy'; said 'he spoils our class.' I called the lad in and allowed the complaining boys to tell him what was the matter with him, and they told him aplenty. The effect upon him was salutary. He found himself being judged by his peers. The complaining boys wanted him to live up to the standards of his community—the standards of his class. They willingly wiped the slate clean, and started all over, but made it very clear that they were not going to put up with any more 'monkey business,' as they expressed it. They shook hands all around and the matter was ended."

The study of humor has revealed to the children that there is a difference between being funny and being silly; that coarse and vulgar jokes are undesirable examples of humor; that humor which has cruelty or gets fun out of the mishaps or misfortunes of others is a poor kind of humor; that humor that deals with family discords or emphasizes sex is unworthy, and that having fun with such subjects as gangster shootings or automobile disasters is a field of amusement which had better be left alone.

Some of the cutest and really best sparkles of humor that pass around the class are the funny sayings of the children themselves. Older pupils see the fun in some of the unconscious humor of the younger school children, and some of the children bring into the class scraps of fun about what their little brothers and sisters said or did at home.

One child reported that her five-year-old sister worked a long time with pencil and paper over a portrait of her father. At last she stopped and, after seriously considering the likeness, exclaimed in disgust:

"Oh, dear! I guess I'll have to put on a tail and call it a monkey."

Another child came running into the house one day, so his older sister reported, and shouted:

"I'm not going to play with Jimmy any more."

"What's the matter? I thought you liked Jimmy."

"I did, Mom, but he kicked me in the stomach when my back was turned."

Another child reported this dialogue as having taken place at home when the new baby was shown to little Betty:

"Betty: But nurse, he isn't Chinese.

"Nurse: Chinese! Of course not, dear.

"Betty: Well, our teacher says that every fourth child is Chinese."

One of the older children was in the drug store when a smaller child arrived and asked for some pills.

"Anti-bilious?" asked the clerk.

"No, sir. It's my uncle," replied the little girl.

This amusing dialogue was appreciated by all the children one day:

"Teacher: And what do you suppose all the animals did during those forty days in the Ark?

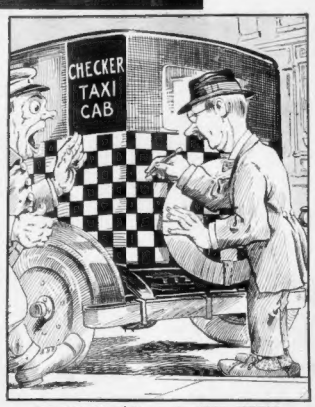
"First Pupil: Oh, I suppose they just stood around and scratched themselves.

"Second Pupil: How could they do that, teacher—there were only two fleas in the Ark?"

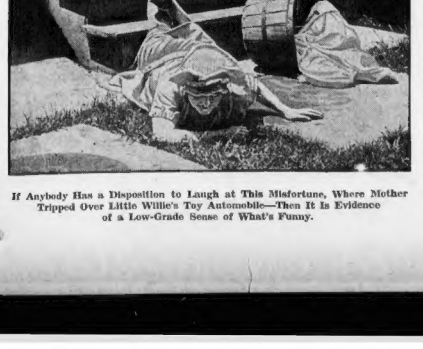
Perhaps no more strange or grotesque sense of humor can be imagined than the extraordinary flippant epitaphs which are still to be seen on the old gravestones in New England cemeteries. Mr. Stevens, of Hollis, New Hampshire, put on his wife's stone, late in the 1700's, this:

"Here lies Cynthia, Stevens' wife,
She lived six years in calms and strife.
Death came at last and set her free,
I was glad and so was she."

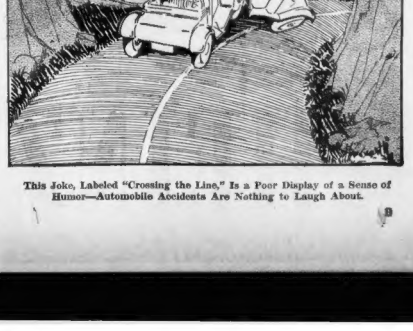
On this page are shown some examples of humor of various kinds and quality, some of which are more silly than funny and some not to be commended.



TOO FAR FETCHED TO BE VERY FUNNY.
"Hey! Stop markin' up my taxi."
"Wait a second, I think I've got it—a word of three letters, meaning a two-legged animal that hops, skips and jumps all day long to save his life."



If Anybody Has a Disposition to Laugh at This Misfortune, Where Mother Tripped Over Little Willie's Toy Automobile—Then It Is Evidence of a Low-Grade Sense of What's Funny.



This Joke, Labeled "Crossing the Line," Is a Poor Display of a Sense of Humor—Automobile Accidents Are Nothing to Laugh About.

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LADIES LOVE 'EM

Crisp Slices of Heinz Old-Fashioned Cucumber Pickle Aid to Beauty and Enemy to Avoirdupois Win Favor of Nation's Housewives

HISTORY [illegible] Centuries ago famous beauties doted on cucumber pickle because they believed it helped them in retaining the [illegible] since Heinz has brought back this old-time favorite, we find that folks of [illegible] modern science [illegible] of the ancients.

Authorities tell us that fresh cucumber pickle definitely [illegible] reducing and [illegible] We know it is an enemy [illegible] pounds fewer calories [illegible] pickles. It's easily digested [illegible] systems. Small children [illegible]

In recreating the fresh cucumber pickle of old times, Heinz [illegible] delicious old-fashioned [illegible] aromatic flavor that takes [illegible] mother's kitchen [illegible]

Heinz [illegible] to an age of [illegible] cucumbers are picked at [illegible] to its tenderness of texture. [illegible] seedless Heinz [illegible] and drenched with [illegible] and piquant Heinz spices. Vacuum [illegible] glistening glass jars preserves every bit of delicious flavor.

What a treasure of uses Heinz Fresh Cucumber Pickle can be put to! As garnishment for meat dishes it's delightful. Many people serve it frequently on [illegible] It's wonderful included in the [illegible] sandwiches, and it *makes* a picnic meal.

[illegible]

The cost of Heinz Fresh Cucumber Pickle [illegible] trifling. Keep a jar handy at all times—open to everyone. Many families serve this delectable relish daily, with luncheon, tea and dinner. It stimulates the digestion—adds zest to any meal—inspires languid, lagging appetites! Ask your grocer for Heinz Fresh Cucumber Pickle—with the delicious old-time flavor that America couldn't forget!

If legend can be trusted, Cleopatra's fresh, glowing skin-loveliness was fostered by her liking for pickle. And Rome knew the luscious spiced cucumber. This tempting modern pickle is not modern at all.

Centuries later, the amiable widow Beauharnais, whom Napoleon made Empress Josephine, was devoted to mellow, fresh cucumber pickle. Doubtless it helped to keep her younger than her years. Corvisant says that the Emperor's chef knew better than to omit the customary "dish of pickles." And another widow who married the first U. S. President craved mild, yet racy pickle fresh from her kitchen—such appetite-stirring pickle as Heinz has recreated for you today!

HEINZ *Fresh Cucumber Pickle*

How Long Ago Did Man Discover His Soul?

Discovery of Ancient Human Bones, Painted Red, in Venezuela Suggest the Mysterious, Vanished Cro-Magnons Brought the Idea to America

Strange Similarity Between Burial Rites of Lost South Americans and the Big-Headed Race Supposed to Have Been the Discoverers of the Life Beyond the Grave 20,000 Years Ago

The Souls of the Dead Making Their Last Journey to the Land Beyond the Grave. From the Painting by G. Pepperitz.

A HURRICANE in Venezuela exposing the graves of an extremely ancient race which painted the bones of its dead has thrown new light on the fascinating question of when man first got the idea that he had a soul and ought to do something about it.

Next to love-making and the various jobs connected with keeping alive, that soul seems to have been man's chief worry ever since. Its value is beyond estimate, being the inspiration for the first buildings, which were tombs and temples. It seems to have been behind the first glimmerings of conscience, behind the first crude sense of right and wrong, upon which could be built the first crude authority, necessary for the first crude foundations of civilization.

But the cost of that idea was high. Some suspect that it caused the extermination of the Cro-Magnon cavemen who seem to have originated the notion, at least in Europe. They may have devoted so much time and effort to the upkeep of their souls in the next world, that they allowed themselves to be wiped out of this one by a race of invaders, inferior physically and mentally but who attended strictly to the business of invasion.

A joint expedition to the wilds of Venezuela sent by Columbia University and the University of Pennsylvania and led by Dr. Vincenzo Petrullo, found the newly exposed graves on the Goajiro Peninsula, evidently so old that they were not surprised that the modern natives had no tradition of such a people. The religious significance of the graves is that the bones had been carefully painted with red ochre. To the primitive mind the world over, red meant life because people dying from disease, wounds or starvation became paler and paler until they reached the pallor of death. If the stricken person turned rosy again it was a sure sign of recovery.

So they painted their sick red, hoping it would make them well and even the dead, hoping it would revive them. They painted warriors red before battle in the hope that with this double dose of "vitality" they might survive a double dose of wounds.

All this had nothing to do with belief in immortality. It was just magic medicine to stave off death, a hazy, pitiful attempt by magic to do what the modern surgeon does when he makes a healthy-pale patient rosy by transfusion of blood.

But when the dead had been buried long enough for the flesh to disappear and then someone dug up the bones carefully painted them red and reburied them, it could mean only one thing. Nobody hoped to cure a skeleton. That red paint on the bones was to give health and strength to the dead man's ghost beyond the grave.

The Cro-Magnon people, a race of magnificent men, averaging over six feet tall and with skulls showing that they had a larger brain than the average modern white man, conquered much of Europe, displacing a cruder, smaller race of cavemen, with smaller brains. Where this race of supermen came from is a mystery and almost as much so is what happened to them. The big-brained men were the first artists, decorating the recesses of their caves with paintings and carvings of animals better than many a professional painter can turn out today.

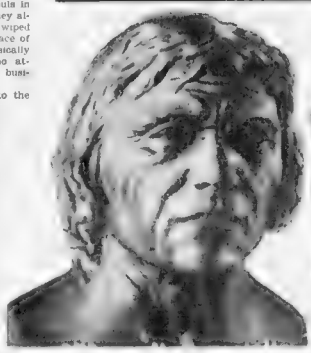
They made fine weapons of flint and bone, also, no doubt, marvelous implements of the more easily handled wood, but these have all rotted to dust. Then this superior race, having established itself as masters of a considerable part of Europe, seemingly disappeared from the scene almost completely as the North American Indian did before the white man. But the race that supplanted the Cro-Magnons was as inferior in stature and brain to them, as was the one they had displaced.

The little lowbrows, however, had sense enough to adopt what they could of the Cro-Magnon lore, such as mutating in a crude way their flints but apparently not understanding how to carry on their wonderful art. Neither required neither brains nor muscle to take up their belief in the next world; they evidently clung to it as shown by the continuance of bone painting.

It was a popular idea, and bound to spread. Man, the first animal to realize that he was born doomed to die, wanted more than anything else to escape that death sentence. And here was almost that very thing. His body died but the conscious, thinking part, might keep right on living somewhere. But this hereafter was not for everybody. Like most later forms of religion the caveman's heaven was very exclusive, only for the chief and the bravest of his warriors and the medicine man.

The ancient Egyptian's heaven was first only for the Pharaohs, then also the nobles, and finally got so democratic that everybody got in and about that time nobody cared much to get in. This process had not begun when the Cro-Magnons were hustled off the world's stage. Only an occasional person was worthy of being dug up and having his bones painted red, so his ghost would be strong and healthy in heaven.

What became of those spiritual Christopher Columbuses who discovered the next world? Most of them perished more than 20,000 years ago right where their ancestors had flourished. But it would be strange indeed if some of this brainy race did not see their doom and flee from it. There is evidence that some at least did flee eastward, against the normal Westward flow of population. At Predmost, in Moravia, has been unearthed a marvelous caveman culture maintained by a race of horse-eaters. Their skeletons show many of the Cro-Magnon characteristics but reduced and blurred as if by interbreeding with the local women.



The Big-Headed, Big-Brained Cro-Magnon Man Who First Discovered the Soul and Painted the Bones of His Dead To Give Them Strength in the Other World.

A Woman of the Neanderthal Race Who Preceded Cro-Magnon Man and, Indeed, Man Proper, but Who Never Attained Enough Intelligence To Realize That They Had an Immortal Essence Within Their Gross Bodies.

From Moravia it is but a step into Asia and perhaps the main body of the fugitives kept right on going. If so the going would be hard, with plenty of opposition if they took the Southerly route where the climate was milder. But this was just at the end of the last ice age. The Cro-Magnon was a hunter who had developed during that ice age in Europe and he probably was able to travel along the edge of the slowly retreating ice cap.

This trek, if kept up long enough, would bring him to the Pacific Ocean. There he would have the choice of turning South to be smitten by the ancestors of the Chinese or turning North along the shore. The Northerly route would take him across Bering Strait to Alaska where he would be in the North American continent.

It is not a big jump across the strait even today, but would require better canoes than these big landsmen had. Just then however, the Cro-Magnon did not need any boats for that journey. During the ice ages so much water was taken out of the oceans as it locked up at the poles that the level of the seas must have been several hundred feet lower than it is today. Probably the journey could be made dry-shod and the Cro-Magnons took it slowly, along the shore hunting both land and sea animals.

Did the Cro-Magnon survivors finally settle down in Venezuela? After all that time and distance intermarriage with the women of the various tribes they contacted on the way would have changed the wanderers so their own ancestors would not have recognized them. But traditions and beliefs do not weigh anything and are carried by the most weary traveler. That belief in the next world would not be forgotten in the talk over campfires. Rarely if ever would there be a chance to go back after the flesh had left the bones to exhume and paint them. But if Venezuela was their first permanent settlement, they would put bone painting into practice there for the first time on a large scale.

In the meantime the caveman's heaven had become democratized as shown by the fact that they painted the bones not only of the great and mighty but of Tom, Dick and Harry, as well.

Bones of the Mysterious Predecessors of the Goajiro Indians in Venezuela Which Were Painted Red Like Those of the Cro-Magnons in Europe Who Vanished 20,000 Years Ago.

Photo by Philadelphia University Museum Expedition

An Egyptian Idea of the Soul—the Ba—a Bird with the Head of the Dead.

Everybody got to heaven provided they obeyed the rules of the tribe and also [illegible] they went through the ceremonies and paid [illegible] to the professional soul-cultists [illegible] of that learned profession.

It is conceivable that the Cro-Magnon expedition of [illegible] may have acted as missionaries of the world's first religion. Being hunters they [illegible] doubtless a happy hunting ground like that of the North American Indians [illegible] ancestors may have gotten the idea straight from [illegible]. The only thing a race of hunters [illegible] and resists is strangers invading its hunting grounds and the Cro-Magnon certainly wasn't going to let [illegible] strangers into his exclusive heaven if he could help it.

Therefore there would be no attempt to convert the unbelievers which no doubt would be the surest way to send them to it. The bone-painting idea would be man's stolen, and the local witch doctors could invent ceremonies which his tribe could not know were not the orthodox [illegible] of the nomads who by that time had passed out of the territory.

On the other hand the wanderers may have been forced to sell "admissions to heaven" in order to escape being slaughtered or enslaved by more powerful tribes through whose lands they had to pass.

The Goajiros, who were somewhat taken aback to find traces of a previous race in a country where their tradition said they had been since the beginning, are in fact very old. For many centuries, perhaps thousands of years, these Indians lived by hunting, gathering wild fruits and plants and a very little agriculture. Their carefully-kept oral tradition [illegible] introduction of European domestic animals changed all that. They have since become a pastoral people who practice a little agriculture when they have a good rainy season.

The Goajiros are divided into a [illegible] number of groups who are bound to [illegible] by social and blood [illegible] fight at the slightest provocation. Descent is traced through the mother, but authority is handed down through the mother's brother.

No Goajiro ever travels alone and if he is chieftain, he will be accompanied by half a dozen well-armed retainers. This number is increased if the trip is a long one, and if the chieftain is very important. Likewise the important women will travel with a large retinue of servants or slaves.

When a Goajiro girl approaches [illegible] hood she is [illegible] by her family and seen only by them. The wealthy suitor who pays a great [illegible] for his bride has not [illegible] see her before or at the marriage ceremony, and then [illegible] despite the fact that he has married her, he [illegible] and [illegible] a real look at his bride for [illegible] days. Each night of this period he enters the honeymoon chamber after dark and must leave before dawn. Then, at the end of this period, he may behold his wife in broad daylight. By that time his wife is supposed to be so much in love that he will like her face. If not it is just too bad.

Sometimes the price set upon a girl is so great that no suitor can pay it," and the family of the girl, after a time, allows the girl to come out. But many of the girls of the tribe no longer permit themselves to be locked up, nor are they willing to wait for nine days after marriage before seeing their husbands. The youths keep right on [illegible] whether they see them first or [illegible] them on faith.

[illegible] have a complex legal system. If the member of one clan [illegible] another clan murders a member of [illegible] other clan, then the friendly clan must execute the murderer even [illegible] be one of their own people. [illegible] from the clans remain friendly. However, if the clan refuses to [illegible] the murderer, then the other clan takes this task upon itself, killing [illegible] only the culprit, but all of [illegible] the family, and taking the children [illegible].

Women in Goajiro clans do most of the trading, and it would [illegible] take an enemy under their protection no man dares touch him. Since the women dominate their men folk to a considerable extent, Dr. Petrullo said travelers in that part of South America often find it advisable to close a deal with one of the important women. The chiefs and all other authorities who give orders are males but the women are the politicians behind the scenes who tell the authorities what orders to give. If one "fixes" a chief not to rob or kill anyone in an expedition, the deal may be upset by someone "higher up" who is always a woman.

Dr. Petrullo had made friends of many tribes of South American Indians on previous expeditions, and he was quite as successful this time with the Goajiros, despite their reputation for unfriendliness.

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Amazing New Laundry Help

THE FIRST STARCH IMPROVEMENT IN 40 YEARS!

Read below what women who have actually used this finer, more convenient starch say about it. Staley's Gloss Starch Cubes are made by A. E. Staley Mfg. Co., America's largest independent manufacturer of products from corn

"EXACT MEASURE" . . . NO GUESSWORK

"SAVES ⅓ STARCH COST" . . . NO WASTE

"SAVES ⅓ IRONING TIME" . . . NO STICKING

NEVER again need you endure the inconvenience, the muss and waste of old-fashioned starches. No longer need you waste precious hours over ironing made doubly difficult because of your iron sticking.

These marvelous new starch cubes end guesswork, uncertainty — actually save time and electricity. With Cubes you can always get just the right amount of starch for just the "stiffness" you desire. Your results are always the same. Staley's Cubes dissolve quickly, smoothly, evenly into a perfect mixture that guarantees absolute whiteness and clear, true colors in the clothes you starch.

With Staley's Gloss Starch Cubes your iron never sticks. You never have the uneven lumps and bumps that scorch and cause unsightly yellow streaks! Ironing, women say, takes up to ⅓ less time, because your iron fairly skims over the smooth, even surfaces. These are not just words — they're *facts* — facts gathered by testing Staley's Gloss Starch Cubes in thousands of homes.

Don't let another washday go by without trying this new-day laundry help. *It costs no more than old-fashioned starches.* And be sure to ask your grocer about the special introductory offer below.

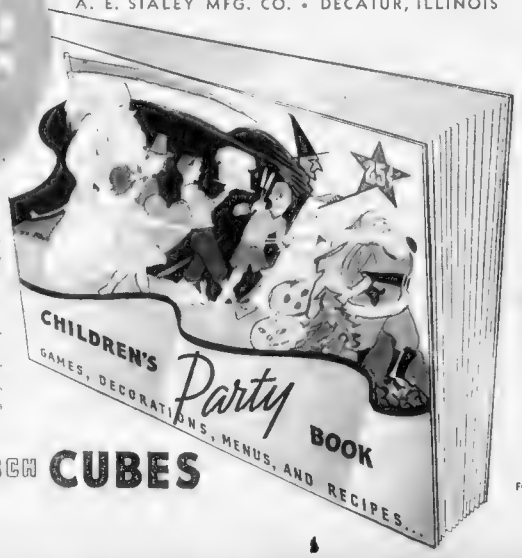
A. E. STALEY MFG. CO. • DECATUR, ILLINOIS

FREE CHILDREN'S PARTY BOOK

To have you try Staley's Gloss Starch Cubes NOW — we make this remarkable Special Offer for a limited time only... See details below—

Every mother knows how hard it is to plan unusual children's parties. But what mother would deprive her child of the never-forgotten joy of a *real* party! NO MOTHER NEEDS TO! For NOW you can have a book — professionally prepared by famous party experts — which makes it so easy for you to plan unusual parties for Birthdays, Holidays, Special Occasions!

Clear, concise information on foods that children will adore. How to decorate inexpensively, originally, charmingly, with materials from "the five and ten." New, fascinating games children will love to play. It's all worked out, — all planned to the smallest detail to save you time, money, trouble! Menus, Recipes, Favors — whole party tables shown in large, accurate, full colored illustrations. A special section on everyday Pastimes for Children. And *you* can have this helpful book ABSOLUTELY FREE! It's yours — *with only two one-pound, or four half-pound packages* of the new Staley's Starch Cubes. The book is actually worth more than you pay for the starch. Quantities are limited. Don't delay! Go to your grocer tomorrow. Try Staley's Gloss Starch Cubes and get your Children's Party Book FREE!



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"Measuring with a handful or a tablespoonful was so inaccurate, so wasteful. Thank you for these handy cubes. I'm always sure of exact results now."

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"Staley's Gloss Starch Cubes give a wonderfully smooth ironing surface. I never use wax anymore — yet my iron fairly flies over the clothes. I use less electricity, too."

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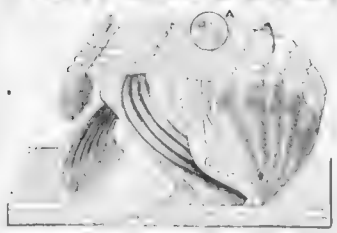
If you do not find Staley's Gloss Starch Cubes the finest, most convenient starch you've ever used, your money will be refunded cheerfully.

Handy Size Package 80 Big Cubes to the Pound

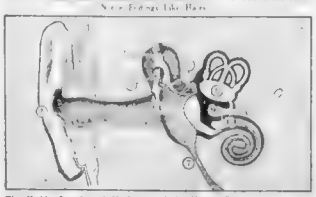
FOR COLD WATER OR BOILING STARCH

New Discoveries About Noises That Make You Deaf

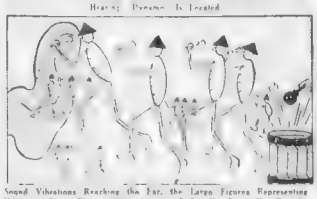
Science Finds a Tiny 'Dynamo' in the Ear Which Is Crippled or Destroyed by Man-Made Rackets Nature Never Intended Us to Listen To



Diagram, Greatly Enlarged, of a Cross-Section of the "Organ of Corti," Inside the Ear Now Found to Be a Small "Dynamo" Which Receives Sound Vibrations and Transmits Them to the Brain. "A" Shows the Tiny Nerve Bridge Like Bars



The Highly Complicated Machinery of the Human Ear: 1 and 2, the Outer Ear, 3 the Ear Drum, 4, 5 and 6, Bones of the Middle Ear, 7, the Eustachian Tube Connecting With the Throat and Regulating Air Pressure, 8 the Auditory Canal Which Enable Us to Keep Our Balance, 9 a Connecting Passage to 10, the Cochlea Where the Hearing Dynamo Is Located



Sound Vibrations Reaching the Ear, the Large Figures Representing Vibrations Faster Than 4096 to the Second, Can Not Enter, Nor Can the Small Ones Representing Sound Waves Vibrating Less Than Sixteen Times to the Second. The Middle-Sized Figures March On to Tap the Ear Bones Which Carry the Vibrations Into the Cochlea

Man Struggling to Think Under a Barrage of Noises Characteristic of Modern Civilization. From the Drawing by the European Artist Girod.

Amplifiers Which Science Finds Often Have Disastrous Effects Upon the Ear Dynamo That Sends Sounds to the Brain—Each of Them Capable of Making as Much Noise as the Cheering Crowd Below.

Thousands of Soldiers Were Deafened, Many Permanently, by the Explosion of Cannon During the War, Although Thunder, Called Nature's Artillery, Seldom Disturbs the Delicate Hearing Mechanism.

Noise, as we [illegible] in other words noise entering the ear [illegible] electric current, the same thing that happens in a telephone transmitter, though in a different manner. In the cochlea [illegible] to the nerves [illegible] through an [illegible] as is done in radio [illegible] the head [illegible] cases [illegible]

In other words noise entering the ear [illegible] electric current, the same thing that happens in a telephone transmitter, though in a different manner. In the cochlea [illegible] to the nerves [illegible] through an [illegible] as is done in radio [illegible] the head [illegible] cases [illegible]

[illegible] shrinks to the size of a pin point. If that is still too much, the lids, two pairs of shutters, close the windows entirely. With these shut, a person may lie under Nature's most powerful light, the tropical sun, without [illegible]

For reasons that were good at the time the ear was being evolved, Nature gave it comparatively little in the way of insulation against noise. The very loudest sounds of Nature, the thunder, the beating of surf against cliffs, the [illegible] are of fairly deep pitch. And against deep sounds, Nature has provided the ear with an arrangement by which the ear drum is tightened, making it a poor conductor of deep notes and thus shutting out much of such noise. But this seems to have almost no effect at all in excluding high-pitched noises. Until modern times this was not necessary because there were no loud high sounds.

None of the noises of insects is loud enough to injure the most sensitive ear and it was always important that the faint hum of the disease-bearing mosquito should be heard even if the night [illegible] some as much as several months, the ear examinations were made.

The first protection of the hearing machinery is the well known drum, closing the inner end of the open tube which one can explore with his little finger. The drum keeps out dust, liquids, insects and other intruders. In loud explosions the drum is sometimes split right across but Nature usually heals it promptly.

Just beyond the drum is the passage called the middle ear, with its chain of small bones that pass on the sound impulses which the drum receives. Beyond this is the entrance to the real dynamo room, in the form of a small, flexible window to which the last of the ear bones is attached. On the other side of this window is the dynamo room, filled with liquid and with the electric mechanism of hearing stretched down the center of a long, coiled passage, like a strip of blanket stretched horizontally down the middle of a corridor in a building; or, more exactly, as though it were stretched along the passageway of a spiral staircase.

On this sheet across the tiny ear passage are the elements of the dynamo itself, the microscopic hairs which apparently vibrate back and forth when a sound enters this inner chamber of the ear. These hairs are tiny projections from living nerve cells. When they are bent they generate electric currents which then pass on to the brain, just as pinching or bending an ordinary touch nerve in the skin generates another electric current which the brain perceives as touch or pain.

The first significant thing which Professor Davis and his associates have discovered is that this is where the first damage happens due to too loud and too continuous noises. At about the center of this strip of membrane supporting the tiny nerve hairs, degeneration begins. Gradually this spreads both ways along the strip, and as it does so the animal's sense of hearing for different kinds of sounds progressively decreases. Hearing for sounds of middle pitch, slightly above the mid-point of the piano keyboard, seems to be damaged first. Hearing for lower and higher tones slowly decreases afterward.

Another important fact is that this damage to the ear begins soonest and is most severe when the sounds entering the ear are relatively high pitched ones, corresponding to notes somewhere in the upper octave or two of a piano. This is what shows up Nature's mistake in not preparing the human ear for modern, noisy civilization.

At the very outside of the series of rooms and mechanisms that transmit sounds to the innermost ear, is a watchman whose duty is supposed to be to keep out sounds loud enough to be harmful. This watchman is in the form of a small muscle which contracts when the ear drum vibrates too vigorously. When it does contract it pulls the ear drum [illegible] and thus decreases the amount of its vibration.

For many kinds of sound, as has been said [illegible] enough to keep the loudest sounds out of the ear or to reduce them to intensities which the nerve dynamo can stand. Unfortunately, this muscle seems to work best for sounds of low pitch like those of the ordinary processes of life. One result of the Harvard experiments is to show that even quite loud sounds do no damage provided all those sounds are relatively low pitched ones. These facts were proved in the following manner.

After the animals had been anaesthetized so as a human being before an operation, the experimenters cut into the dynamo room and placed metal probes or electrodes against the little hairlike nerve endings which do the actual hearing. When there was noise in the operating room it caused these hairs to vibrate, if uninjured, and to send a current along the wires from the electrodes. This happened when they tested the ears of the controls and those which had been living in comparative quiet. It also occurred where the animals had been treated to loud but deep noise. But where they had been subjected to loud, high noise, the lack of electrical response indicated damage in various degrees.

Microscopic examination confirmed the electrical one. The nerve hairs were seen to have degenerated to a point where they would be useless. Under too much stimulation by the continual noise these tiny nerve hairs evidently gave up the hopeless struggle and died. In some instances, there even was mechanical damage to the delicate living dynamo. Essential membranes were torn and distorted. Tiny blood vessels were found to be ruptured as though the ear had been squeezed or pulled by physical force.

Until not very long ago the loudness of any noise was a matter of personal opinion. But now there is an exact unit of sound volume called a decibel, and machines which measure any noise accurately in decibels. The Harvard experiments show that the danger to human [illegible] from loud noises, [illegible] does not begin [illegible] of about [illegible] less loud than this can be [illegible] as safe. It is probable [illegible] 85 or 85 decibels [illegible] Ordinarily those [illegible] are using certain [illegible] probably be [illegible]

This [illegible] city does never [illegible] who was not [illegible] Noises [illegible] deaf [illegible] any time acting [illegible] 80 or 85. Two [illegible] Fire measured by a noise meter taken to the foot of the falls as close as human beings [illegible] 95 decibels so that persons [illegible] in ordinary locations near these falls are in no [illegible] thereby.

Office noise [illegible] conversation that of the [illegible] writer or [illegible] of average [illegible] of music [illegible] the danger [illegible] it is unlikely [illegible] can be accused of causing [illegible] However [illegible] noises [illegible] which [illegible] enough to [illegible] damage shown in the [illegible] at least [illegible] people. Thunder may be [illegible] 110 decibels but this lasts [illegible] fractional difference for the reason that [illegible] is mostly low-pitched.

One of the most [illegible] occupational hazards [illegible] in which [illegible] noises were [illegible] where [illegible] steel boxes are being pounded [illegible] by mechanical hammers. Often it [illegible] necessary to work inside such boxes while another workman is pounding the [illegible] outside. In spite of this, not all the boiler-makers get deaf. One possible explanation is that the noise of this kind of work usually is fairly low in pitch, not made up of high-pitched sounds like blowing of whistles. Another fact also shown by the Harvard experiments is that different animals apparently differ a good deal in the sensitivity of their ears to noise damage.

Presumably the same is true of human ears, so that under the same conditions of noisiness some persons would get more or less deaf while other persons would be affected very little. Perhaps the muscular watchmen on guard in different ears to keep out too loud sounds have different efficiencies, especially in their abilities to keep out the dangerous high-pitched ones. Or it may be that the tiny nerve hairs which degenerate to cause the first and commonest kind of damage are stronger and more resistant in the ears of some individuals than in those of others.

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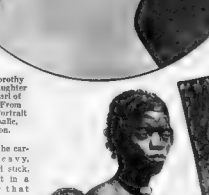
Seized by a Black Magic Demon in the African Jungle

Lady Dorothy Mills, the Well-Known British Traveler and Explorer, Recounts Her Terrifying Encounter With the Leader of the Baboon Devil Worshipers While Alone in the Forest Wilderness of the Dark Continent

READERS of The American Weekly will recall occasional articles by Lady Dorothy Mills, the intrepid explorer and traveler. Lady Dorothy is the daughter of the Earl of Orford, and for many years it has been her custom to slip away from the social activities after the fashionable London season and fund complete change in remote corners of the earth where, oftentimes, no white woman had ever ventured before.

On this page today Lady Dorothy narrates a remarkable experience with the leader of the Baboon Society, whose secret magic and hideous ceremonials and torture of victims terrorized the natives of the West African forest through which she was traveling.

Lady Dorothy Mills, Photographed With a Group of Some of Her African Ideis, Talismans and Symbols of Witchcraft.



Ceremonial Mask of the Baboon Society.

Lady Dorothy Mills, Daughter of the Earl of Orford, From Studio Portrait by Lassalle, London.

Widow of N'Gmbe, Whose Husband Had Recently Been Killed by the Baboon Society.

The Firing Squad at N'Gmbe.

Photograph by Lady Dorothy Mills in One of the Native African Villages Through Which She Passed.

"As unobtrusively as possible I tried to continue my sideways crawl toward the canoe, but as if realizing my intention, he sprang up and his grip tightened. He pointed back to the forest and tried to draw me after him. His eyes glared as I shook my head and his fingers on my wrist felt like drawn steel."

By LADY DOROTHY MILLS.

JUST recently, in England, it has come to public knowledge that here among us there is an increasing number of Secret Societies devoted to the study and practice of Satanism, with disciples drawn from among all classes, and that Black Masses, with their sensual, diabolical ritual, are held in out-of-the-way places of town and countryside. Public outcry came to a head the other day when a well-known society woman committed suicide in her club in the West End of London, her nervous system and mental balance shattered by the uncanny influences to which, in ignorance, she had given herself.

From pulpit and platform we receive urgent warnings against the dangers of dabbling in the Unknown whether for good or for evil. For there is a Magic of the Right and of the Left Hand. The former is alleged to work for the good of the individual and community. But Black Magic—which, briefly is exercising us at the moment—when boiled down to hard facts, is just worship of evil for its sake a deliberate cultivation of the baser passions, a craving for the acquisition of power, usually power for love and mercenary ends, but sometimes for an unnatural control over other wills and bodies. The ritual, as more than once I have witnessed, is a nonsense mumbo-jumbo of all the evil rites and shibboleths of pre-civilized days of the Orient and Orient, added to a few modern trimmings, and the outcome of it all may be blackmail, vice and moral perversion, fear and shattered nerves.

The every-day innocent people can take serious alarm has only just dawned on me, for I am trying to get a lease for my little London house, and my prospective tenant, a prominent, elderly business man, has just thrown over the deal on the phone. I am told me that somewhere near me, among the tangle of little Chelsea streets of artists and writers, I was a notorious master of Black Magic, and he deems possible danger for his wife and young daughter. I promptly demanded the name and address of the Black Magician, hoping to add another to the artery of queer fowl with whom my life has rubbed in five of the world's continents, but he flatly refused to give it to me—for my own good he said.

As I sit the instrument I was smiling to myself over the credulity of otherwise apparently intelligent people, when suddenly my laughter broke off. For I had remembered. When the telephone bell had disturbed me, I had been tidying and rummaging through a cupboard full of rubbish, of an assortment of odds and ends such as one collects in a wandering life, and forgets. I went back to my rummaging, and soon brought to light a dusty box containing a shapeless grey object, the gnarled shrunken remains of what was once a leopard's paw, sharp-clawed and keen. And, as I dangled it absent-mindedly between my fingers, there came back vividly to me my adventure with a man who had dabbled too much and too long with Black Magic.

It was a few years ago, and I had just done a long and desperately hard journey across the borders of Portuguese Guinea on the West Coast of Africa. I was rather exhausted when I crossed the last river, a few days short of the comparative civilization of a Portuguese military post, for all along the line I had been having infinite trouble with my string of native porters. Every day had been a chronic fight, and most of the nights a vigil, to prevent them from throwing down their loads, and deserting. Sometimes, with the help of my two personal black servants, I had to rope them together and drive them forward at the point of a loaded revolver, and every night somebody had to sit up with a gun.

The forests we were going through were haunted, they said, by the men and the spirits of the Baboon Society, one of those mysterious secret societies of West Africa that have some animal for totem, or guardian spirit. These baboon men my men said, by secret magic took strange forms and disguises and in various hideous ways brought torture and destruction to the victims they intended for their cannibal feasts and ritual orgies.

Arrived at a big village, I stopped to rest and re-provision, and on the last day of the halt, when all was in order, with Amadou and a couple of paddlers I went off down-river to catch fish and get plants for my collection. At the end of the day's work, as the sun fell low, I sent the boys ahead with my trophies to get the canoe ready while I proceeded more leisurely in their wake. I was tired when the river at last came in sight, but as I emerged from the bush, towards the low stony river-bank, a shout from Amadou made me spin round.

For a moment I thought I was facing a monkey bigger than any I had ever seen outside a museum. There rushed through my mind stories of the Baboon Men whose legend had been haunting me all along the trail, men who, by some alleged power of lycanthropy, could change from human to animal form, with the strength and ferocity of the great apes added to the predatory cunning of debased humanity, whose favorite victims were women and children and lone travelers such as myself. So strong was my impression that instinctively I glanced at the hands and feet of the creature of which, in cases of lycanthropy, the thumb and big toe are said always to retain an animal's claw.

Then I realized that it really was a man—or what was left of one. In spite of a pronounced stoop, the creature facing me was very tall, and moved with a peculiar, crouching monkey-like gait. For clothes he wore only a strip of fatty cloth around his loins, long, matted black hair covered his face up to the cheekbones, his sunken chest and muscular arms and legs. He had black, feverish eyes that glared malignantly from cavernous sockets with a light that seemed scarcely sane, and he carried a heavy, clubbed stick, twirling it in a manner that made me feel most uncomfortable.

Swiftly I measured the distance between myself and the river-bank; it was at least 300 yards and the canoe lay far out in the current. There seemed no chance of avoiding an interview with the creature, and I have generally found politeness and bluff the most useful weapons, even in the most inconspicuous circumstances, so I summoned up an ingratiating smile.

Bon jour, monsieur," I said, conscious that the words sounded ridiculously feeble in that grim setting.

The sound of a human voice seemed to galvanize the creature into life and he sprang forward threateningly, while a torrent of words—in French and Portuguese and some guttural language that I did not understand, but imagined to be some native dialect—poured stammeringly from lips that seemed as if they had half forgotten the use of human speech. In the middle of his harangue he paused and, looking at me with an expression of vindictive dislike, spat repeatedly in the dust. He was scarcely three feet away, his stick twirled disconcertingly, and I did not know but that he might have also in the forest behind. I dared not turn my back, but out of the tail of my eye I could see that my men had grounded the canoe in shallow water and were looking toward me doubtfully and apprehensively. The African servants—at any rate those personally attached to one—with the best intentions are apt to butt in when intervention is least desirable, and to make matters worse with a display of truculence. So I gave a signal with my arm which had taught Amadou to stand by without interference till further notice, and I gave him a bal.

"Be ready to push off when I run," I called and, still keeping my eyes on the man facing me, I started slowly to side backwards

But I had calculated too soon. In retreating I bumped my head against the overhanging branch of a low tree, knocking my helmet off, and my hair, loosely rolled, fell over my shoulders.

There came a startled scream from my aggressor, the stick ceased twirling and it appeared that for the first time he realized that I was a woman and that, moreover, the fact gave him a fresh reaction.

"Mother of God, a woman!" the words sounded ridiculously feeble in that grim setting.

The sound of a human voice seemed to galvanize the creature into life and he sprang forward threateningly, while a torrent of words—in French and Portuguese and some guttural language that I did not understand, but imagined to be some native dialect—poured stammeringly from lips that seemed as if they had half forgotten the use of human speech. In the middle of his harangue he paused and, looking at me with an expression of vindictive dislike, spat repeatedly in the dust. He was scarcely three feet away, his stick twirled disconcertingly, and I did not know but that he might have also in the forest behind. I dared not turn my back, but out of the tail of my eye I could see that my men had grounded the canoe in shallow water and were looking toward me doubtfully and apprehensively. The African servants—at any rate those personally attached to one—with the best intentions are apt to butt in when intervention is least desirable, and to make matters worse with a display of truculence. So I gave a signal with my arm which had taught Amadou to stand by without interference till further notice, and I gave him a bal.

"Be ready to push off when I run," I called and, still keeping my eyes on the man facing me, I started slowly to side backwards

ting, lecherous, animal, horrible. For all my strange life in a world of rough men, I felt as if I were up against something I could not contend with, something subnormal and loathsome.

His eyes seemed to be compelling me to something I did not understand. His disengaged hand made gestures that were equivocal yet significant. Suddenly, as irrelevant thoughts flash through one's brain at moments of excitement, I was reminded of a scene of which, unintentionally, I had been a spectator on the wild, lost moors of Southwestern England when a band of drink-maddened adepts in Black Magic made their Witches' Sabbath. Once again a heterodoxy of words poured from lips that seemed to be regaining their use of coherent speech, and this time the words were of horrible endearments, mixed with obscenities in French and Portuguese and sacrilegious phrases twisted from Holy Writ. The garbled phrases became more and more revolting and revealing. The grimacing figure no longer seemed pathetic, or even grotesque, but the embodiment of all that was evil, the gestures a nightmare of unimagined horror.

I felt physically sick and if I had not been too busy keeping my wits about me, I should have been terribly frightened. I realized that this was not a situation in which any sort of bluff could help me. Three hundred yards behind me my boys were waiting, non-comprehending, not daring to disobey orders. With an effort that wrenched my muscles, I jerked myself free of the clutching hand and, quicker probably than I have ever run before, raced for the river bank and through the shallow water to the canoe. With a lightning thrust of the paddles, the men pushed into the stream.

"Careful, Missia!" came Amadou's warning shout, and simultaneously a huge stone came hurtling down across our bows.

I glanced back. The wretched creature on the bank had turned to an incarnation of demoniac rage, fiercely beckoning me back, gesticulating towards the shadowy, sinister darkness of the forest. Foam flecked his lips as, stooping, he gathered up armfuls of great stones, while, running, he kept pace with us along the bank, thumping aga-nst hidden sandbanks, for all our frantic paddling, we made slow progress through the shallow water. One by one the missiles came hurtling past, narrowly missing our heads as we ducked low and one, larger than the rest, hit the side of the canoe, tipping it over, half-filling it with water. Desperately, perspiration pouring down our faces, we baled and paddled till we reached a bend where the river run broad and deep, and the great stones fell short of us. With panting moans of relief we filled our parched lungs. As we rested, a horrible animal howl reached our ears and in the distance we could see a form, scarcely human, that lumbered up and down, waving its arms aloft and howling.

Back at the village I found myself regarded askance by the people. My aggressor, they whispered under their breaths, was Arch-Fiend of the Baboon Society, half-human, half-demon, with devilish practices unknown to ordinary African witchcraft, who lived outside the ken of man, casting spells for his victims. Men did not fear him for themselves, it appeared, for he left them alone. But young women had disappeared and grisly stories were rife as to how they had met their ends. Of course, I took all this with scoffing business with more than a grain of salt, but it was obvious that for some reason they associated me with their fear and, in a way, to me that he had made advances, to whom he had knelt and prayed; so, to their primitive minds, there must be something sinister about me. In fact, public opinion was against me, and I found it hard to persuade the villagers to sell me food and other necessities, harder still to get porters for the rest of the journey, and it was with relief that two days later I finally blew into the comparative civilization of a tiny Portuguese military outpost, where I had to wait till the Government at Bolama, the capital, could be apprised of my arrival, and fresh steps taken for my next movements.

Here, from the White Commandant, I heard the true history of that ugly afternoon's adventure. My aggressor, according to the Commandant of good family and considerable erudition, had been padre of a little parish in the desolate wilds of the Basque country in Southern France. Forced to a life of profound, almost unhealthy seclusion, reading too much of the writings of Jean de Retz and other perverted experimentalists, he had neglected his priestly duties and become too deeply into the mysteries, old and new, of occultism of the Left Hand, till, little by little, his mind had become unhinged. There had been ugly stories of sex, for which he had been unfrocked. In spite of his efforts to escape, his bad reputation followed him throughout the civilized Catholic colonies till finally he had buried himself in this lost corner of African forest and swamp, living in morbid exile, existing. Heaven knows how, lower than the animals. Apparently some ugly past episode had left its scar on his mind and he was haunted by some obscure memory of a sexual crime for which he must make, in atonement, a human female sacrifice of unspeakable detail.

Even here, he was a danger to the primitive community, and for years the Portuguese had been trying to capture him, but with the proverbial cunning of madmen, he had eluded them. There was a price on his head and, in that rough country, justice would be summary. Once caught, he would be killed without trial.

On hearing my story, the garrison of the little sun-baked post was turned out, and started through the forest to the triangle of swamp and river that I had described. As for me, I felt rather unhappy. Now that my own risk was over, I felt an unregenerate pity for that poor demented soul brought, by Satan alone knows what incalculable circumstances, to its dreadful state. There are moments in a nomad's life that one would rather forget, and that ugly afternoon was one of them.

I regretted that necessity still kept me at N'Gmbe when the triumphant search party returned. Whatever the circumstances, there is always something rather horrible, I think, about the human creature brought to bay and the wretched man-monster, heavily fettered, writhing and snarling, jibed at and tormented by the jubilant Negroes, seemed a tragic parody of humanity, his contorted features a debased mockery of the Dante spirit. With a sick revulsion, I hoped that his end would be swift and outside my ken. But the village had had good hunting, of the kind its soul loved, was crazed with lust for revenge on the creature that had terrorized it for so long, and all that night, from the great Baobab tree behind my quarters in the military annex, came the fierce drumming of the big war-drums, and shouts of drunken triumph.

When I woke next morning early, I found that a firing squad was in process of formation just below my verandah, against the sun-baked wall of the primitive caserne.

I was in no mood for breakfast and wondered how I could make my escape somewhere till the grim ceremony was over. But I had no luck, for as the sun rose like a ball of red fire over the forest, the Commandant, saluting, arrived in person to demand my presence at the shooting. That hard country knew no pandering to the susceptibilities of a woman or a humanitarian: I had been witness, an intended victim of crime, I was sole white representative of a mighty empire. Protesting, I was hailed out on the verandah where, below, a detachment of troops, armed with long rifles, stood at attention, while from the caserne opposite came long-drawn howls of demoniac fury as, apparently, another posse dislodged the victim from his cell.

I have had to face strange ordeals in many a wild country, and now I had to put a composed face on things, but I admit that I felt pretty sick, as the wretched creature, apparently but semi-conscious, his limbs trailing as if made of jelly, was tied upright to a post while the line of soldiers took aim.

The click of metal suddenly seemed to galvanize him to consciousness, and the cavernous eyes slowly drifted round the narrow circle that we made, gradually gathering sentience and intelligence. At last the eyes fastened themselves on me, and if, at our first encounter, I had wondered whether my vis-a-vis were animal or human, now, he no longer appeared to be either, but sheer unadulterated Devil from the lowest Hell. There was abysmal hate, there was rank red murder in those eyes that held mine in an almost hypnotic stare. Tightly I gripped the rail of the verandah. Out of the tail of my eye I could see the sleek Commandant, cynically smiling and obviously hoping I was impressed by his military efficiency as he curled his oiled moustache. Already the day was suffocatingly hot, and the heavy air lay overhead like a smothering blanket. I felt the temperature break out behind my ears as I prayed that the dreadful ceremony would soon be over.

Suddenly the firing party started, lowered its rifles, and shuffled its bare black feet uneasily. The man, whose eyes with their dreadful accusation had never left mine, had broken the cords that tied him to the post and flung his arms aloft. And then, over the leaden air rang a torrent of curses such as I had never heard before and hope devoutly never to hear again.

It was a curse that held everything that could damn, of every belief and creed throughout the ages. It was the Christian curse of excommunication, it was all the old blasphemies known to the ancients of Nineveh and Babylon and Gomorrah. It covered every aspect and contingency, every sacred feeling of life and after-life. It used the jargon of the old Satanists of pre-history, and the sacrilegious shibboleths in usage among the dark initiates of today. The voice, raucous with passion, sounded like all the furies of the underworld let loose. And all the time those gaunt eyes burned into mine, in dreadful reproach and undying enmity and unforgiveness. It was me that man-monster cursed, and once again the

(Continued on Page 25)

Paid In Full

by Llewellyn Hughes

He Was a Gangster Who Had Double-Crossed His Gang, a Spy Who Double-Crossed His Country—and Then He Met a Girl. A Short Story, Complete in This Issue.

"All right," Yelled the Pilot, "Jump." Frankie Didn't Hesitate. He Climbed Over the Side, Balancing Himself Precariously For an Instant, and Let Go.

Pulling His Free Arm Around the Waist, He Pulled Her Gently Toward Him, Looking Straight Into Her Eyes. But Her Lips Were Denied Him. Laughing a Little, She Turned Her Head.

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shot full of holes before he could tell them that he

Making a break for it he headed north, crawling and running The wood suddenly thinned, and he came out near a road glistening with slush and rain. He crossed it and ran along a ditch, up to his knees in water. He made for another patch of wood further ahead, to his right. There he flopped, utterly spent and out of breath

In the gray mist of dawn he crawled out to get his bearings. He was wet through up to the waist, and shivering now with cold. The road he judged to be the Brussels highway, but he wasn't sure Ultimately he discerned the spire of a church, and to the left of it—looking north—a larger patch of woods. He knew then that the ill-fated pilot had dropped him a good three miles to the south

A little after seven that morning a moat bedraggled peasant slushed over the road into the village of Vrielly Questioned by the military police, he told his story in French and was immediately taken before the Kommandantur. The latter, Colonel Von Huntzinger, a distinguished, florid-faced officer of sixty, was consuming a breakfast of

"Says he's got some information to give us," reported a

Huntzinger continued to pay most attention to his sausage "Where are his papers?" he grumbled

"Here, your excellency" The corporal laid them on the

"Them's the bunk," said Frankie. "They was all fixed for me My name's Garon, and I'm an American subject."

"So." While there was a scrap of sausage on his plate, it seemed difficult for Von Huntzinger to attend to anything

"I've got some nifty information for you, cap."

With prodigious force Huntzinger thumped the table, relocating the last piece of sausage to the floor. "You'll speak to me with proper respect," he roared, "or not at all. Now then, what have you to tell me?

What Frankie had to tell him brought to the Kommandantur's face an expression of rapt attention. Suddenly tearing off a patch from the seat of his wet corduroys, Frankie produced the faked X 17 evidence given him by Major Maclean. Von Huntzinger studied the documents through gradually protruding eyes

"What's it worth to you if I help you capture this guy?"

"Gott in Himmel!" swore Huntzinger, his face purpling. "Anything anything"

"Make it fifty thousand francs," said Frankie, "and I'll start talking"

"Ya, you don't have to worry about the money."

"I'll quit worrying when I see it written down on paper."

The Kommandantur didn't hesitate. He scribbled a note in French, signed it, and thrust it across the desk

Frankie read it, and nodded. Whereupon he told all he knew In doing so he unconsciously did his country a good turn, for he ended up by saying that X17 was an officer attached to German Headquarters in Brussels!

Beads of perspiration appeared on Von Huntzinger's forehead. He rushed through a long-distance telephone call somewhere

"Great Himmels!" he puffed. "Where were you to find this man?"

"They didn't say, general."

"Didn't they mention any particular place where you were to go to?"

"No All they said was that if I wanted some good cognac I ought to visit the Petit Colombe cafe."

"The Petit Colombe"'

"In the Rue Cordonnier"

"To get cognac"

"That's right. They told me it was the best place in Brussels

"So?" The phone rang. "Wait a minute," said Huntzinger He was in communication with some high official in Brussels, and in a staccato, tensely pitched voice he jabbered away for some fifteen minutes before the conversation ended

"You will follow out your instructions as though you had never been in touch with us," Huntzinger said breathlessly

"I got to eat first," Frankie told him

"Ya." The Kommandantur rang a bell, "Take this man to the canteen," he ordered, "and see that he gets a good meal. Dry his clothes. Attend to everything he wants."

"Sa-ay! Have I got to continue wearing these lousy duds"

"Ya," said the still excited Huntzinger. "Everything—according to the plans given you by Major Maclean. Everything—ya."

Late that same day Frankie entered the Petit Colombe

(Continued on Page 18)

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Paid In Full

He Was a Gangster Who Had Double-Crossed His Gang, a Spy Who Double-Crossed His Country—and Then He Met a Girl.

By Llewellyn Hughes

(Continued from Page 1[illegible])

[illegible] Major Maclean [illegible] Lilli Daryll [illegible] Canadian battalion in France [illegible] she appeared on the stage.

In fact he was so affected by [illegible] was over [illegible] Frankie the [illegible] Frankie saw [illegible] the [illegible] she [illegible] I am [illegible] Is he hurt [illegible] grief, the actress [illegible] Please," she [illegible] if he is hurt [illegible] fault. Can I [illegible]? Is there anything I can do?"

"This [illegible]," said the young [illegible] Daryll. I am Lieutenant Halle."

The [illegible]

"It's all right," Frankie assured everybody. "No damage done. Only I got sore for a minute. This chauffeur bird," he told the police, "came tearing [illegible] the corner with his lights off."

The actress appeared amazed by this assertion [illegible] to the extent [illegible] on. She [illegible] chauffeur. [illegible] Her eyes had filled [illegible]. This was too much for Frankie.

[illegible] elbow.

[illegible] wasn't quite convinced. With her foot on the running board she again ad[illegible]. "You will please get the young man's name for me," she said, "and be sure to let me know where he is. I [illegible] the proper medical attention."

She and the young officer drove away. Once more Frankie had to produce his papers. He was then taken to a military doctor, who, finding his arm fractured, [illegible] hospital.

Events during the next three days more than made up for the injury. To the hospital came Lilli Daryll. The first day, bringing him some roses, she was accompanied by no less a personage than General Weinsler, of the Imperial Staff. The following day, attended by a Prussian major, she brought fruit and a roast chicken. Frankie had his arm in a cast, but he continued to pretend that it was only a slight injury.

She gave him one of her warmest smiles. "No," she told him sadly, "you are only saying that for my benefit, and I think it is very noble of you. The doctor has told me that your arm is broken. I am sure you are in great pain."

"Aw, that's the bunk," he laughed, his sepia-brown eyes hungering for her. "I'll be out of here tomorrow. Then," he regretted, "I guess the only place I'll see you again will be at the theatre."

The Prussian coughed. "Where do you live?" he asked sternly.

Frankie knew that here in the hospital he was being watched. Hauptman Zeit[illegible] had told him what to say to questions of this nature.

"At the Petit Colombe," he said.

He had always prided himself on having a fascination for women. All he had to do was look at them for a while. But his wildest dreams could not have foretold what was to happen the next evening! On her way to the theatre, Lilli Daryll dropped into the Petit Colombe. With her this time were two well-known airmen. Twenty or more German soldiers stood like wooden images at attention. Frankie couldn't cavil at what appeared to be her popularity with the whole German Army. By this time he was helplessly in love with her himself.

"So you did leave the hospital?" she smiled. "You seem to be a man of your word. Are you quite comfortable here?" she asked, looking around. "Have you everything you need?"

His mouth had gone dry as usual. "Sure," he growled. "Everything's O. K."

"O. K.," she laughed, imitating his growl. "What does that mean?"

"It means nothing could be better—like you."

A suffusion of color spread over her cheeks. "Any time you'd like to see the revue again," she offered generously, "you are at liberty to do so. There will be tickets for you—always—at the office."

"Thanks. I'll be around."

"I hope your arm will soon be all right again," she said tremulously. "I think it's awfully brave of you to make so light of it. I can't tell you how sorry I am it ever happened. Now please," she begged, "are you quite certain there is nothing more I can do for you?"

"Sure there is," he said daringly. "Plenty."

"You have only to ask."

He looked at her. "I'll take you up on that," he smiled. "Maybe the opportunity won't come around again. For a kiss," he said boldly, "you can break this other arm."

Again she colored. His daring before her two companions and a room full of soldiers, plainly embarrassed her. But her smile was generous, and a tiny bit inviting.

Putting his free arm around her waist, he pulled her gently toward him, looking straight into her eyes. But the red lips were denied him. Laughing a little she turned her head.

"Just like that, eh?" he questioned, still looking at her. "Well, maybe I'll have to ask you some other time—when there's nobody around." Before his ardent glance her lashes were slowly lowered. Frankie kissed her on the cheek.

When she and the two airmen had gone the soldiers in the estaminet commenced a rowdy manifestation of disapproval that the actress's favors had not been more generously distributed. It quickly developed into ribaldry and, in the instance of one man, remarks and actions bordering on the obscene.

This violated no tendon of purity in the heart of Frankie Garon. There was nothing of the kind in him. But he considered it an insult to Lilli Daryll. Rising, he did a very foolish thing. He walked over to the worst offender and knocked him sprawling with a short vicious right to the chin.

In an instant the estaminet was in an uproar. Frankie, turning on his heel, went back to his corner. One of the soldiers came up to him, bellowing in German. With a sullen gesture, Frankie waved him away. The soldier promptly dashed the contents of a beer glass into his face.

At once Frankie was the center of a drunken brawl. Handicapped by his left arm, he was knocked down, kicked and trampled on by weight of numbers. His face was cut, a terrific kick in the side almost cracked his ribs, and he was in danger of being maimed for life when, for no apparent reason at all, their abuse of him came to an abrupt stop.

There was a clear, brutal voice in German. "What the devil's going on here!"

Scrambling to his feet, Frankie saw an officer standing inside the door. His face was vaguely familiar, and suddenly he recognized him as the young lieutenant who had been with Lilli Daryll the night of the automobile accident.

In a tense silence the soldiers stood [illegible] at a drunken attention. Lieutenant Halle then [illegible] them so violently that the veins stood out on the side of his neck. Finally he rasped out a command. The tables jingled with the sound of dropped coins. Like automatons the soldiers filed out into the street. The proprietor [illegible] the door behind them. Then came back to positively fawn before his new customer.

In a guttural French the officer ordered brandy. He glared at Frankie with unsympathetic eyes in which there was no sign of recognition. Frankie said nothing. He was now conscious of a [illegible] towards [illegible] German.

Suddenly the officer rose and walked over to him.

"Where do you come from—you?"

"From [illegible]."

"Let me see your papers."

They were then produced. Lieutenant Halle examined them, scowled, threw them on the table and went back to his chair.

Then a strange and highly exciting thing happened! Halle ordered a special liquer that sent the proprietor down to the cellar. The moment he was gone the officer again rose, this time as if to go out through the back door. On his way the cigaret hanging from his lips dropped to the floor. It fell near Frankie, and as the lieutenant stooped to pick it up he said in a whisper:

"X 17."

It was so utterly unexpected that Frankie could only gasp. The officer disappeared. Frankie hesitated, not knowing what to do. The proprietor was now back in the room. He gave Frankie a long, queer stare, then signalled with a jerk of his head in the direction of the back door. Frankie rose and went outside.

It was pitch dark. He sensed he was in a garden. Dimly he was aware of a military figure close beside him. A voice breathed in his ear.

"We have about two hours before they arrest us on suspicion." He was speaking in English. "Somebody," he said, "turned traitor."

Frankie stiffened. "Are you X 17?" he asked hollowly.

"No. Now listen very carefully to what I have to say to you. I want you to go to the theatre—and for God's sake be careful they don't see you. Get in through the roof—a skylight [illegible] by the stage door or out front. Go to her dressing room. Warn her to be sure not to go to the Rue Avanes tonight! Have you got it?"

Frankie was tense. "Who—who did you say I was to warn?" he stammered.

"You know without my telling you. Miss Daryll."

Frankie's knees almost buckled under him. Something—maybe the pummelling he had received—something made him feel weak all over.

"I'm Forester, of the British Secret Service," the voice went on. "We got word to be on the lookout for you. We had to establish our connections in a rather drastic manner. Sorry. There was a reason for it. We couldn't chance suspicion."

Taut fingers pressed Frankie's arm. "Hush!"

Frankie couldn't hear a sound.

"Quick!" whispered Forester, "go back inside. Sit at your table. Not a word to anybody."

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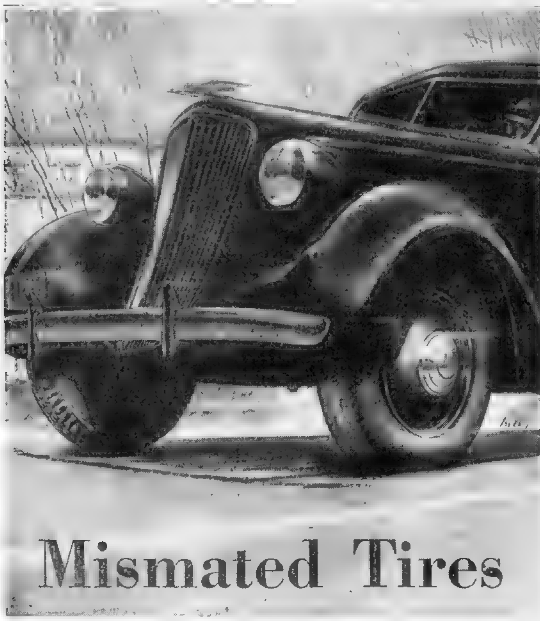
(Continued on Page 20)



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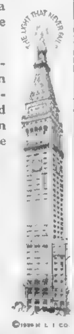

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Three BAYER ASPIRIN Tablets, crushed and dissolved in 1/3 glass of water, as a gargle. Gargle twice with this medicated gargle to allow it to go deep into the throat. The gargle will act like a local anesthetic to ease the pain of sore throat, and act, to soothe the soreness and rawness.

The Bayer Aspirin you take internally will start combating your cold internally, at once. And ease the accompanying aches and pains of a cold.

Try this modern way. But be sure to get real QUICK-DISSOLVING, QUICK-ACTING BAYER ASPIRIN Tablets. They go to work almost instantly. And dissolve thoroughly enough to use as a gargle.

NOW REDUCED TO 15¢

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See your Chevrolet dealer first for used cars of the finest quality...

cars that are *Guaranteed* OK

THERE is *one* best place in town to get each article you need, and the best place to get a good reliable used car at low cost is *your Chevrolet dealer's.*

See him *first* when you want to buy a used car. You will find that his assortment of popular makes and models is the finest in your community. That many of his cars bear this famous *Guaranteed OK* tag, which means that they have been *thoroughly conditioned* in both body and chassis and are *guaranteed* to be the most reliable you can buy. That his prices are lowest, and his terms the simplest and most economical.

Remember—only your Chevrolet dealer sells used cars with this *Guaranteed OK* tag.

See him today, and buy with confidence, for countless buyers have proved that confidence in a Chevrolet dealer is confidence well deserved.

See your authorized CHEVROLET DEALER for *Guaranteed* USED CARS with an OK that counts

This Car

has been carefully checked and reconditioned as shown by (✓) marks below

Serial Number _____ Stock Number _____

RADIATOR	✓	HORN	✓
MOTOR	✓	BATTERY	✓
CLUTCH	✓	BODY	✓
TRANSMISSION	✓	GLASS	✓
REAR AXLE	✓	FENDERS	✓
STEERING	✓	FINISH	✓
BRAKES	✓	TIRES	✓
STARTING	✓	UPHOLSTERY	✓
LIGHTING	✓	FLOOR MATS	✓
IGNITION	✓	LUBRICATION	✓

Guaranteed OK

By *Your Chevrolet dealer*

Price _____

Paid In Full — *By Llewellyn Hughes*

(Continued from Page 18)

And remember she must not go to the Rue Avanes tonight. The Rotterdam was still open.

Frankie couldn't speak. His throat was closed tight. He gave the taxi back to the cabman. The plaza was empty. The pigeons gone. The street door unlocked, open and Hauptman Zeilin covered his revolver drawn behind him were military police. Nothing was said to Frankie. Frankie himself said nothing. But he was thinking, thinking faster than he had ever done before.

To the silent but questioning Zeilin he jerked his head toward the back door. Zeilin started that way. In the already silence, however, the door screen opened and the man known as Lieutenant Halle appeared there. He was smiling.

"Lieutenant Halle! We arrest you on suspicion of being a spy in the pay of the enemy!"

Halle nodded was searched and taken away. It was as simple methodical as that. Hauptman Zeilin with another officer remained to question Frankie and true to form he told them all he knew.

"No, he is not the guy. He only brought a message from her X17 is Lili Daryll! He told me to be sure an I warn her not to go to an address in Rue Avanes tonight."

"What number in Rue Avanes?"

"He didn't say. So I figure you better let me follow out instructions. Like I've done since I came here sir." Listen. Instead of telling her not to go to the Rue Avanes I'll tell her to be sure an I go there! You guys hang around the theatre then all you have to do is to follow me done. An I don't forget he reminded Zeilin Ein million fifty thousand francs for a this!"

They went first to headquarters, where it was decided to let Frankie proceed according to plan. The fact that Lilli Daryll was the mysterious X17 caused a sensation. Elaborate precautions were taken.

Frankie reached the theatre five minutes before the final curtain. The applause of the audience still echoed through the building as Lilli Daryll came running to her dressing-room.

Seeing him she stopped short. "Your arm!" she exclaimed, pointing to fresh stains on it. "You've hurt it again"

"That's right," he smiled. Come to think of it, I've been taking quite a bit of punishment on account of you. So I figure I ought to collect for it. I'd like to see your alone for a minute—if you don't mind."

She opened her door, invited him to enter. Her maid was there.

"Alone," repeated Frankie, his voice trembling.

The actress studied him. There was something in his face that mesmerized her.

"Now," she said to her maid, "you may go home now."

"Merci, mam'selle."

When the woman had gone, Frankie went to the door and locked it.

"I told you I'd probably see you again some time, when nobody was around."

"What do you want?"

"God!" he murmured, "I never knew they made women so beautiful as you. I'd do anything in the world for you—face all the firing squads in France—or Germany," he suddenly whispered in English.

Instantly she paled.

"They've just arrested Forester," he said. "And I've risked my fool neck coming here to bring you a message from him."

Her eyes kindled. "I knew you wouldn't fail me," she said.

She swayed toward him. "I want you to kiss me. . ."

The crowd gathered outside the stage door waited longer than usual that night. At last, however, they were rewarded. Lilli Daryll emerged in her usual dazzling fashion, kissed both hands to them, and was driven away by her chauffeur.

Secret Service Police followed her. The car, its lights suddenly turned off, wound in and about the dark Brussels streets. After driving for hours in a section of the city far removed from the Rue Avanes, it doubled back and finally entered the street, stopping in front of a dark, unpretentious building.

The actress hurried up the steps and disappeared. With her key she opened a door at the end of the hall on the second floor. Once inside she struck a match and applied it to the already prepared fire.

She then lit a candle. Everything she did seemed an effort to her, and under her veil her face was twisted as with pain. From behind a secret panel above the mantelpiece she procured a bundle of papers and documents. These she threw on the fire, hurrying their destruction by the unladylike procedure of dropping on her knees and blowing hard to create a draft.

She had plenty of lung power, for the papers were ablaze in no time. With the sole of her shoe she separated the burning mass until the ashes broke and scattered, part of them flying up the chimney.

This done, she dropped exhaustedly into a chair and reached for a cigarette, lighting it with the candle flame. Running footsteps up the stairs and along the hall preceded the sudden crashing in of the door. Hauptman Zeilin came in, revolver in hand.

"Fraulein Daryll!" he said, "you are under arrest on suspicion of being. . .Hallo! what's this?"

The actress had lifted her veil. The face was not that of Lilli Daryll! It was that of a man called Garon, otherwise known as Frankie the Belge. His left arm hung loosely, and blood had discolored his fingers.

Zeilin was dumfounded. "Garon!" he said. "But—but what does this mean? Where's the woman?"

Frankie grinned at him. "A long ways from here, cap."

"Yes but Your arm!" he said suddenly. He flung a sharp order over his shoulder. "Send for a medical doctor—quick"

Again Frankie grinned at him. "Twelve German bullets will cure that arm," he said.

And then Hauptman Zeilin understood. His face blanched. Into it came an expression of utter bewilderment.

"You don't mean to say that you—you. . .? But your reward?" he gasped incredulously.

"Fifty thousand francs?" In the stillness Frankie watched his blood dripping on the floor. When he looked up at Zeilin his eyes were luminous. "No," he smiled. "I've had my reward."

Hens Soon to Be as Big as Hogs

"RUN out to the hen house," said the farmer's wife to her buxom daughter, "and get us a fresh egg for breakfast."

"Yes, mother dear," the girl replied, not in the least surprised that her mother had called for only one egg to feed a family of ten people—including the hired man, with his fine appetite.

One of these eggs, however, would be quite enough—and there might even be some of it left over. At least, that is the opinion of Dr. Robert H. Clark, head of the chemistry department at the University of British Columbia in Vancouver, whose recent prediction is the basis for this imaginary scene in the near future. Dr Clark says the secret of what makes things grow is at last understood.

It's a "hormon," a mysterious chemical secreted inside animals' bodies by ductless glands. Scientists now know enough about how to stimulate the secretion of this hormon, he explains, to bring changes to farm life that will indeed be startling.

But to return to the farmer's robust daughter—with a market basket slung over her arm, she trotted to the hen house and picked her way through a flock of Plymouth Rocks, or maybe they were Rhode Island Reds, as big as hogs. Reaching her dainty hands into a nest the size of an overstuffed davenport, she lifted out an egg as large as a football. Back in the kitchen, she put the egg in a dish pan, and whacked it with a hatchet. After finally chopping through the shell, she sighed and said

"I suppose we'll have to scramble it, as usual"

"Now, wait a minute, let me see," the mother set a two-foot skillet on the stove and poured in a quart-of grease. "Let's try frying it for a change."

"But how will we ever get it out of the frying pan without breaking the yoke? The pancake turner wouldn't budge it."

"We'll have to use the flat-edged garden shovel. But I think we'd better cook the egg until it is fairly done. Then we can divide it up like a pie, with the meat cleaver."

Meanwhile, the hired man was down at the barn, putting an edge on his appetite by attending to chores that would have made Hercules, the great strong man of antiquity, scratch his head in astonishment. After feeding pigs the size of cows, the hired man climbed a stepladder and milked a cow every bit as big as a full-grown elephant.

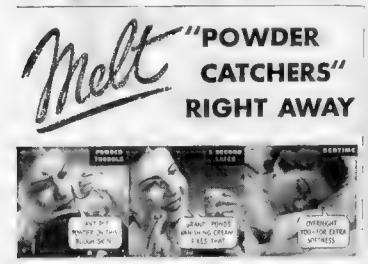
All of this may sound fabulous but according to Dr. Clark, if such predictions look foolish to the next generation, it will not be because the details are too elaborate, but because they do not go far enough

"Up until now," Dr. Clark said "chemistry has done about as much to annoy farmers as assist them. For instance, a few years ago 1,600,000 acres were used to grow the plants that produce blue indigo. But chemistry evolved a synthetic substitute. So the price of blue indigo has gone down to about one tenth of what it used to be, and unable to make a profit out of the plants, farmers no longer grow them.

"Likewise, chemistry figured out a way to produce a cheaper alcohol which also caused farmers to suffer.

On the other hand, chemistry has given the farmers fertilizers distilled from the air. It has created new plants for him and shown him cheap stuff to feed them with.

"In many other fields—the building industry, transportation, textile manufacture, fuel production, metal trades and medicine—chemistry is revolutionizing modern life. In fact, the world is at the dawn of a truly scientific age, and no one can predict all of the marvels that future generations will see."



Have a nice, smooth skin!

Anne Gould

lovely young daughter of the late Jay Gould says "Pond's Vanishing Cream smooths my skin divinely. It's the grandest foundation ever"

ALL READY to go out . . then you start to powder. But, somehow, your powder shows up terrible! It "cakes" on every tiny roughness, making your skin.

In a few minutes, you can smooth those roughnesses off—in an instant—it's simply melting them!

These "powder catchers" are really dried-out cells on top of your skin . . . old, dead ones. As your skin keeps drying out, they flake off part way. And the re they cling, loose and harsh . . .

What melting does

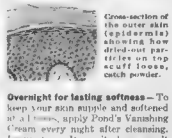
But one application of a keratolytic cream Vanishing Cream melts them right away—and out comes your true, smooth skin!

A prominent dermatologist explains it this way: "The instant a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream) touches the dried-out cells on surface skin, these cells melt away. The new cells that come into view are the young supple ones that give the skin its smooth, fresh appearance.

"Moreover, Vanishing Cream, regularly applied, keeps the skin in a constantly softened condition."

Now you know why Pond's Vanishing Cream is an instant skin softener, a marvelous powder base. Keep it on hand. It makes your skin lovelier!

For a smooth make-up Right after cleansing in the usual way, put on a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. It gives your skin a fine-texture look, a wonderful smoothness. Powder and rouge go on softly. No need to make up again for hours!



Cross-section of the outer skin (epidermis) showing how dried-out particles on top scuff loose, catch powder.

Overnight for lasting softness—To keep your skin supple and softened as it loses, apply Pond's Vanishing Cream every night after cleansing. Leave it on. It won't shine, won't smear the pillowcase. As you sleep, your skin gets softer by the minute. Powder catchers can't come!

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You can't lose in this Veteran's
SWEEPSTAKE
SLOGAN CONTEST
$72,400.00
in Cash PRIZES

First Slogan Award, $30,000 — Third Slogan Award, $10,000
Second Slogan Award, 20,000 — Fourth Slogan Award, 5,000
35 Honorable Mention Awards $100 each, $3,500
38 Collectors Award (or first $100 each, 3,900
In the event of a tie for any Prize Duplicate Awards will be made
Sweepstake Contest closes March 15, 1936
Prizes will be awarded March 27, 1936

YOU can't lose in this contest. Even if you do not win one of the big cash prizes, you win the satisfaction of helping this girl.

She and scores of underprivileged children like her—orphans of the Veterans of Foreign Wars—live with their widowed mothers at the National Home at Eaton Rapids, Michigan. Today a Sweepstake has been evolved to make it possible to aid them. A cottage at the "Child Village" wants a name, a phrase, or a slogan. Try your hand at it. Anybody can win. It takes no special gift, talent or training. The winning ideas may occur to you as well as anyone else. $72,400 in cash prizes will go to the cleverest, most apt ideas submitted.

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Pittsburgh, Pa.
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NATIONAL HOME SWEEPSTAKE CONTEST
MAIN OFFICE—EATON RAPIDS, MICH.

Get started. Entry blanks on sale at all V. F. W. Posts, or State Departments. Clip the coupon. Full particulars will be mailed you. This coupon may be worth $30,000.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

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Please send full particulars regarding your $72,400.00 Sweepstake Contest

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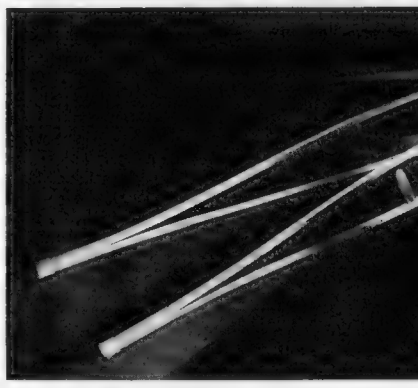
INTENSELY interesting articles on popular science appear regularly in this and other issues of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY. Don't miss them if you want to be well-informed of scientific progress!



MONUMENTS TO A MISPLACED TRUST

YOU just can't take chances with germs of infection.

No matter how small the cut, the greatest care must be exercised in dressing the wound, or something serious . . . tragic . . . may happen.

The "sterilized" dressings that you use must be sterilized in fact as well as in name . . . the kind your physician would insist upon.

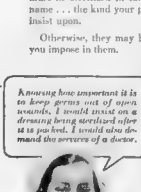
Otherwise, they may betray the trust you impose in them.

You can't afford to gamble with any "first-aid" product that is merely marked "sterilized." Look for the name of the maker as well. If it is a known and reputable concern, like Johnson & Johnson, you will have no cause for the least misgiving.

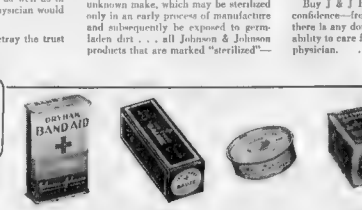
Unlike some "first-aid" dressings of unknown make, which may be sterilized only in an early process of manufacture and subsequently be exposed to germ-laden dirt . . . all Johnson & Johnson products that are marked "sterilized"—cotton, gauze, bandages, etc.—are not only sterilized in the making, but they are *sterilized again after they are put in the package.*

Completely, thoroughly sterilized, too—by a process developed by J & J, a pioneer in sterilization. After that, yours are the first human hands to touch them!

Buy J & J Red Cross products with confidence—from your druggist. And if there is any doubt in your mind of your ability to care for a wound, consult your physician.



Knowing how important it is to keep germs out of open wounds, I would insist on a dressing being sterilized after it is applied. I would also demand the services of a doctor.



BRAND BAND-AID — 25 individually wrapped dressings for minor injuries — 25¢
RED CROSS GAUZE — Sterilized after packaging. 1 yd. size — 15¢
RED CROSS "ZO" ADHESIVE TAPE — ½ inch by 2½ yds. — 10¢
RED CROSS BANDAGE — Sterilized after packaging. 2 inches by 10 yds. — 10¢
RED CROSS ABSORBENT COTTON — Sterilized after packaging. Completely wrapped in sizes 2 oz. and — 15¢

Don't risk infection . . . be safe with Johnson-Johnson RED CROSS PRODUCTS

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SCHENLEY'S
Golden Wedding

Among whiskies, as among men, one in a thousand gains enduring fame

There has never been another whiskey flavor quite like that of Golden Wedding. It's ALL whiskey . . . three whiskies blended, as fine tobaccos, rich coffees or teas, are blended . . . for Better Taste! The rich flavor is always that of the choicest whiskey it is possible to obtain. Golden Wedding was a famous name in whiskies more than fifty years ago. It was the quality favorite before Prohibition and after Repeal. Having tried the others, people are finding again, as you will find, that there is no substitute for this whiskey's mellow richness.

• • •

At your favorite tavern, bar or club, you will be served Schenley's Golden Wedding in the bar bottle shown at the right. At package [illegible] Golden Wedding [illegible] above. Have you tried Schenley's Golden Wedding lately? Do so now.

Other Schenley Whiskies of Character

OLD SCHENLEY
[illegible]

SCHENLEY'S
CREAM OF KENTUCKY
Kentucky Straight Whiskey

SCHENLEY'S
RED LABEL
Blended Whiskey

SCHENLEY'S
SILVER WEDDING
[illegible]

SCHENLEY'S
MAYFLOWER
[illegible]

SCHENLEY'S
OLD QUAKER
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OLD QUAKER
[illegible]

THE WILKEN FAMILY
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[illegible] Importer Corporation [illegible] the world's finest wines and liqueurs, including Hennessy Brandy, [illegible] Lejon Vermouth, B & G Wines, Benedictine Cordials and Sherries.

SCHENLEY'S
Golden Wedding
America's finest blend of Straight Whiskies

HAS HAD NO PEERS FOR FIFTY YEARS

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Sea Shroud by Sinclair Gluck

Murder, Mystery and Romance on an Island of Peril

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

L[illegible]

[illegible] the inves[illegible] but not [illegible] operation A[illegible] in the safe in [illegible] hout [illegible] knowing [illegible]

As G[illegible] talk [illegible] is [illegible]

The [illegible] ful S[illegible] fr[illegible] to the island.

Garrett's tie is stolen. Linklater tries to push him over a [illegible] and someone attempts to poison his drinking water. The scientist tells Celia and Dion that Garrett is his second in command but doesn't tell them who he is. Mallow leaves for [illegible]

T[illegible] the spy in the darkened house. There are two rifle shots and Osterhout is discovered in the locked [illegible]

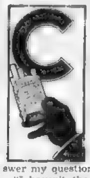
"Mr. Osterhout's Been Murdered," Said Garrett. Mallow Stiffened and Goggled At Him. Placer Dropped a Wrench and Hoisted His Long Body Grimly To the Dock.

[illegible] his head [illegible] was apparently [illegible] a forceful blow from a long [illegible] blade but there is no [illegible]

[illegible] knocked un[illegible] side. When [illegible] draws a blan[illegible]

[illegible] Dion was out durin[illegible] about [illegible] Susan were taking a walk [illegible] crop up in [illegible] stories told by the others.

CHAPTER XX.
"And So What?"



CASUALLY Garrett selected a cigarette

I didn't ask you where the plans are," he said. "I asked you whether you knew. Osterhout told me and I told Brice. Don't say where they are Just answer my question"

"I haven't the slightest idea," said Vane

"I know—where they are murmured Celia

'Then keep it to yourself'" Garrett warned her. "I guess that's all, unless Brice wants to ask something? '

"Not a thing," said Dan "But we'll have a talk—"

"Right away. Will you take Miss Camray across the court, Vane? Please don't either of you leave your rooms again tonight on any pretext. That's important. If you—have any other errands, do 'em now. Good night

Celia rose rather hurriedly, bade them good night and departed, followed by Vane. He turned in the doorway for an instant, but changed his mind and vanished into the mist.

"And so what?" inquired Dan

"Yes, what?" Garrett echoed "What did you find?"

Dan shook his head. "Buck and Tiny are on the job. Been listening for that guy and hunting his boat ever since you warned 'em. No luck."

"Did you have a look for the boat yourself?"

"Sure. Both beaches, end to end. Even flashed a torch along off shore in case he anchored out a little way and swam in. If he did that, either he's got clear or his boat's out of range in this damn mist. It's thick tonight And now the moon's setting, it's black dark. Buck and Tiny haven't heard a sound except those rifle shots and your yells to 'em. Guess he slipped past and took to the water. There's a lot of beach to guard, and you can't see a thing Well, what luck did you have up here?"

"I kinda wish we'd caught him," said Garrett, with a glance at the shaded windows. "I didn't have much either. Susan and the chef were out as you heard. Sako says Brisson climbed in their window after the shots were fired. When I accused Brisson of being interested in those plans, he tried to grab one of those rifles in there. Quick-tempered beggar, and looks too intelligent for a cook'

'What did he say about climbing in the window?"

"I learned that from Sako after Brisson had gone. Didn't call him back What's the use? He'd only say he was down at the toilets. There's no proof '

We gonna let him get away with that?" asked Dan

He's smart and he won't scare Got to have proof"

I'll bet he's our man," said Dan slowly

Says you!" Garrett smiled 'Friend Linklater swears he never left the house tonight. But his window was open and his door unlocked There's no check on Sako, except that he came in here at nine o'clock and implied he was going to bed. His clothes are fairly dry, but he could have nipped in and borrowed Linklater's coat, and worn that. He could have got in the window or come through the living room here. This was deserted by ten o'clock Clever people, these Armenians'

'Hell," said Dan thoughtfully 'Sure. Brisson's a Frenchman and Sako's a Jap. As I see it, one's as likely as the other Brisson tells me that Sako was in bed when he came in about ten-thirty But Brisson went out again Maybe they're working together."

'The doctor sounds fishy to me," said Dan

Which reminds me that Vane had a strong fishing line in the pocket of his dressing gown, when I searched him"

Hope you pricked your finger," said Dan resentfully What's that got to do with—" He broke off to whistle

"Exactly," Garrett nodded 'We don't yet know how the murder was done. But don't forget that could have been planted, along with my tie '

"I won't," said Dan gravely Well, now what?'

'Here's what I had in mind," Garrett laughed. "Our main job is to guard those plans, and get them safely ashore as soon as the detective takes charge. We'll let him worry now about catching the murderer. If you agree, I'll leave this workshop door open and plant a chair just inside. That'll give me a view of both workshop doors and the living room. Got to figure on Linklater's open window and Linklater himself If anybody tries to reach the workshop from the right wing, he's got to come through the living room. In spite of the tricky way Osterhout was killed, nobody can get in through those little barred windows "

But somebody can pot you through the broken one"

I'll sit in the dark and listen This island is a tomb for silence at night, up here. With a torch and a gun handy, I don't believe that anyone will get past"

"Oh, yeah?" said Dan. "You might guard the beaches at the same time. What am I supposed to do?"

'Get some sleep—after that crack on the head"

"Not me," drawled the ex-marine "I don't feel sleepy. Reckon I'll stay and help you watch"

Garrett laughed gently "There's another post that ought to be watched—the left wing door into the court. That covers Sako, Brisson and anybody getting in through the left wing from outside. The passage door is locked and bolted. I'll take that post and you can have this one, if you'd be—easier in your mind over here?"

"I had a guy in my squad once, was always looking for trouble," said Dan reminiscently "It was kinda sad. He picked a fight with himself and cut his [redacted] throat."

'And so what?" asked Garrett, with grave politeness

'I'll take the other post," said Dan disgustedly. "I'll have a chair in that little hall and sit in the dark."

'That'll be risky You'll have to watch both ways Might sit in the hall and lock the kitchen door behind you."

'Good idea. I'll do that Well, so long."

Wait a minute," Garrett smiled, "I'll need the key."

'Huh? Oh, yeah. This key You will for a fact." Dan produced the workshop key and handed it over. "Why did you give it to me at all?" Dan was annoyed at his own oversight.

"To reassure those kids They've got plenty of faith in you, but they're not so sure about me"

'They must be crazy," drawled the ex-marine

"They don't know who I [redacted] Tell you what. These are clever spies we're up against We'll each be alone Suppose we take turns getting in touch with each other, say, every fifteen minutes? If anything happens to either of us, the other will know it before they can get away with much mischief And it'll help us keep awake."

"Ye-ah? Maybe you'd like to check on me?"

"Maybe I would It works both ways"

"You'll cut your throat yet," said Dan, with a crinkle of the lines beside his eyes. "All right I'll expect you to call me first." He opened the court door and slipped out, to be engulfed in darkness and mist

Smiling faintly, Garrett unlocked the workshop door. The room seemed just as he had left it. He left the door wide open, inspected the place from end to end and tried the other door into the court. It was locked and bolted. He searched the living room thoroughly, found no weapon and returned to the workshop

The tin box of nails stood where Osterhout had placed it There was a hammer on the workbench Garrett pulled out the wide center drawer of the desk, knocked the back out of it and replaced the drawer Then he nailed the long piece of wood across the broken window, but did not touch the handkerchief which was still in place

More confident that no one could shoot him in the back he chose a straight chair for wakefulness and stood it beside the living-room door, in the workshop. A moment later he had switched out the lights in both

(Continued on Page 23)

Mercolized Wax

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Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty of your skin.

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Use Saxolite Astringent

A REFRESHING, stimulating skin tonic. Dissolve it in witch hazel. Smooths out wrinkles and age lines. Refines large pores. Eliminates oiliness. Prevents blackheads. *At all drug and department stores.*

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When your poor legs ache so you can hardly sit still, when you have a sprain or a painful muscle kink, rub on Absorbine Jr. Nothing like it to chase such pain away. All druggists, $1.25 a bottle. Economical, little goes far.

ABSORBINE JR.

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Be casual as you will in your dress, but top it off with a head of well-ordered hair, for none other really gets by. A few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic smoothed into the hair will keep the most unruly in place, and impart a lustre and sheen to a harsh, dull crop. This natural oil Tonic is fine, too, for the health of your hair . . . massaged into the scalp it stimulates circulation at the hair roots, replenishes the natural oil that both the hair and the scalp need so badly to combat dandruff, dryness, and possible hair loss. (Even a scalp that appears perfectly normal may be deficient in protective oils.) Why not try a 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic massage before your next shampoo?

If your HAIR IS DRY

A dry scalp is especially susceptible to dandruff and dandruff is the most common cause of baldness! Correct it. It is due to a deficient secretion of oils by the sebaceous glands in the scalp. You can do much to replace these natural oils with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic treatments before every shampoo and by applying a few drops of the Tonic lightly, directly to the scalp after shampooing, and as often in between times as the condition requires. Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., New York.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

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FIT GEM AND EVER READY RAZORS

Sea Shroud

(Continued from Page 22)

"How—Do You Feel Now . . ." something in Celia's Tone and the Way She Looked At Him Made Garrett Study Her. She Was Very Pale and Her Eyes Were Enormous

rooms groped his way to the chair and settled himself for the long vigil.

While he inspected the workshop, Garrett had been listening intently. He had kept one eye on the far living-room doors while he nailed up the window. Now, sitting with his gun in one hand and his torch in the other, he tried to peer into a darkness and silence that could be felt.

There had been no need to explain to Dan why he preferred darkness for them both. It was at once an invitation and a safeguard. Finding everything dark and quiet, the spies might try something. He hoped they would. Darkness put them all on even terms. He and Dan were amply pitting their ears and quick wits against those of the enemy.

As he grew accustomed to the silence, Garrett began to hear the drip of moisture from the eaves outside, and the soft, roving whisper of the night breeze. Now and then a board contracted in the early morning chill. Nothing else stirred.

He stifled a yawn and peered at the luminous dial of his wrist-watch. It was after three. Search and questions had taken hours. There would be some sleepy heads in the morning, all except the tense spy in their midst. That seemed a point worth considering tomorrow.

Garrett estimated five minutes for his preparations. When ten more minutes had passed, he pocketed both gun and torch, rose silently and felt his way into the living room. To close and lock the workshop door behind him and remove the key without a sound required time in the dark. When it was done, he drew the revolver, tiptoed across to the other door, listened a moment, and stepped out into the court.

The moon had set, leaving pitch darkness. The fog seemed thicker than before. He could not see his watch a foot from his eyes. To avoid the tables and chairs, he stole along the right wing toward the front, with a hand on the wall.

He reached Celia's room, turned and felt his way past her open window. Mrs. Mallow's window was open also. As he moved beyond and felt the edge of the passage, he heard a sharp creak from the far end of the court.

Electrified, Garrett snatched out his torch, flashing it into the tunnel-like entrance. The white rays bored through the mist. The door, which opened inward, stood ajar. For only an instant he caught sight of a huge, vague bulk in the doorway.

Before he could shout or fire the figure vanished. As he sprang forward, the door closed with a soft bang. He heard the rattle of a key on the far side. Thrusting his gun into his pocket, he leaped for the doorknob.

He seized and wrenched at it just as the key turned. The lock shot over but did not quite catch. Someone on the far side tugged to close the door and lock it.

Dropping his torch, Garrett got his other hand on the knob, set his feet and pulled. The door gave way with a sudden push that knocked him off balance. As he recovered and stopped for the lighted torch, he heard the scrape of footsteps swiftly retreating. He caught up the torch and darted out in pursuit, drawing his revolver.

For a moment the footsteps guided him toward the ridge and the east beach. Then they ceased abruptly.

Without moving his torch, Garrett stepped aside until he held it at arm's length. There was a brief white glow in the mist ahead and the bang of a heavy revolver.

He switched off his torch and darted for the flash, ears alert to catch the faintest sound. Because he could see nothing, he ran far from silently himself. His charge brought him to the crest and beyond. He stumbled one pace down the slope, half-turned and flashed the torch in a swift circle switching it off at once.

From away to his right, the heavy revolver cracked again. This time the bullet plucked fiercely at his sleeve.

CHAPTER XXI.

Contact

GARRETT dropped the torch with a clatter drew breath in a gasp of agony and fell on his side, making plenty of noise.

He thrashed for an instant, then lay almost still, one hand feeling silently for the torch. By good luck it had rolled into a clump of moss and he found it almost at once.

Moment after moment passed and nothing happened. At length there came an anxious shout from the beach below. It must have frightened the man Garrett sought, for the footsteps began again, audibly retreating.

Garrett rose silently to his knees and then to his feet. The footsteps continued, away to his right and moving down the slope. By dint of stepping when the other stepped, he managed to follow without being heard, and to lengthen his stride. He was gaining. Now the footsteps were close.

With torch and light revolver aimed slightly downward, he switched on the torch. The beam picked up a clumsy figure in the act of whirling to face him. It was just below, too near for a miss.

"Hands up!" he ordered vibrantly.

At the same moment, the light of his torch dipped from a bearded face to arms bare with a white-clad human body. Then the beam showed the glint of a big revolver being awkwardly aimed from the level of the man's waist.

As he glimpsed the revolver, Garrett writhed sideways and almost fired. Yet the man's limp burden made him relax his trigger finger at the last instant. The bearded man was using his unconscious victim for a shield.

Dropping both torch and revolver, Garrett charged.

He was too close for the man to avoid. The heavy revolver roared. A bullet plowed high through Garrett's shoulder, whirling him half around so that he tottered crazily for a pace or two. Then his reaching fingers seized the hot muzzle and deflected it. His other hand shot for the bearded throat.

Both grips caught and held as the gun went off again.

The bearded man was driven back by Garrett's downward rush, stumbling and snarling like an animal. Garrett felt something slide to the ground between them. He thought he heard a weak cry as somebody's head thumped on dry, thin moss. Then he was fighting for his life.

A hand wrenched at his right wrist, loosening his throat grip. He had been wounded in the left shoulder. His left hand was almost torn from the muzzle as the bearded man jerked to free the revolver. Clinging as best he could with his left, Garrett tore his right hand free, struck hard for the bearded jaw and felt his blow crunch home.

The big revolver went off sideways, a vicious flare in the darkness as Garrett released it. The bearded man went tottering, tripped and fell with a clatter.

Garrett wheeled dizzily, made out a blur of white on the ground and stooped for it. As he caught hold of an arm and leg, the figure twisted and struck at him feebly.

Let me go!" came a feminine gasp.

"Shut up!" he whispered. "It is Garrett. That bird is dead. Hold still now."

He collected the girl in his arms, flung her across his convenient shoulder which happened to be the left, and started up the slope, swearing under his breath but treading silently. After an instant he stopped, partly to listen, more to avoid being heard.

Somewhere down the slope footsteps were softly retreating. They died into silence. Garrett drew a deep breath.

The girl began to squirm on his shoulder.

"Quit that!" he ordered gruffly. "Who are you, Susan or Celia?" Having one arm around the girl's knees, he fingered them and discovered pajama trousers.

"Oh, Celia—"

"Yes" she answered faintly. "Put me down."

He ran his hand down to a small, bare heel and started up the slope again, setting his teeth.

"Don't be dizzy," he grated. "You'll cut your feet and stub

(Continued on Page 24)

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GRACE TURNED ME DOWN AGAIN TONIGHT
NO GIRL LIKES A FELLOW WITH SLOPPY-LOOKING SHOES
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NO ONE WOULD EVER KNOW IT— WHY DON'T YOU USE SHINOLA?
ED IS RIGHT! SHINOLA GIVES THE QUICKEST AND SWELLEST SHINE I EVER SAW!
DO YOU SEE BILL THIS MORNING, GRACE? HE LOOKS ALL DRESSED UP. I THINK HE'S GRAND
THAT NIGHT
I WAS THRILLED WHEN YOU CALLED ME THIS MORNING. I'LL BE SO PROUD OF YOU AT THE PARTY TONIGHT
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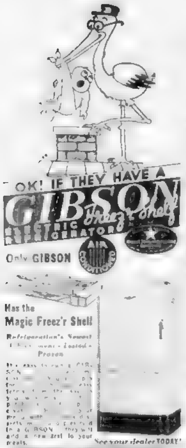

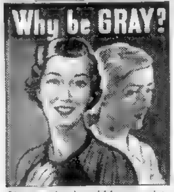

FREE BOOKLET

Sea Shroud by Sinclair Gluck

(Continued from Page 23)

[illegible]

said Garrett, watching him.

[illegible] Mr. Garrett," Celia intervened tensely. "He brought me back. Look at [illegible] staring [illegible]." She stamped her bare foot and winced. "I want [illegible]" he wo[illegible]

"That's what I get for staying in my room!" Vane flung up his dark [illegible]

[illegible]

There was something about his tone that [illegible] disappear in the [illegible] of Celia's window clicked.

"I must say—" exclaimed Mrs. Mallow. "It's my [illegible] eron that girl [illegible]"

"Say it later," Garrett rep[illegible] her face in the light [illegible] Go back to [illegible] stay there."

After [illegible] the woman [illegible] away.

[illegible] Garrett [illegible] Vane pat[illegible] the light. Then at [illegible] across [illegible] fog whirled [illegible] groped through the darkness. He found the door, entered and switched on the lights. The living room was deserted, the workshop door [illegible]

He stumbled across the room and after fumbling a moment [illegible] he crouched back, reached in and switched on the lights.

[illegible]

[illegible] made the chair near the door and [illegible] the girl

[illegible] "Give me your close attention. This is not a garden party. We aren't [illegible] anything. I [illegible] your room and stay there. Do you or do you not understand English?"

"What were you d-doing?" Celia demanded, her glance shrinking from Osterhout's body. "I came to fix your shoulder, b-but you were— I thought—"

"You didn't," said Garrett wearily. "You don't think. Can't you understand that you're in danger? This place is no fort! We don't know who the spy is. There's one here, in the household. For some reason they want you. So you wander about in the mist. Will you stay in your room with Susan? At least she'll scream if anyone tries to break in—"

"I will not!" Celia retorted. "I'm just as safe here. What were you doing there? Goodness, but you're white!"

"Getting your uncle's gun for you," said Garrett in a shaking voice. "I lost mine. If I had the strength I'd spank you and lock you up," he added with a [illegible] chuckle. "As it is, you win. Take charge. Of all the dizzy [illegible]"

"Dizzy yourself," began Celia indignantly. "If you'd take your coat off instead of trying to— Look out!"

Garrett recovered himself with a jerk, staring at her dazedly. [illegible]," he muttered, and fell off the chair.

CHAPTER XXII.

Celia Takes Charge.

WHEN Garrett recovered his senses, he was lying on the couch in the workshop with his shoulder tightly bandaged and a leather coat over him. Dan stood in the background watching her.

Garrett spluttered and sat up wrathfully. The coat fell off, leaving him naked to the waist. For a moment the room tilted and wheeled. Then it steadied to his eyes.

"For Pete's sake!" he growled. "Oh, hullo, Brice! Did you find my gun?"

"Nope," said Dan gravely. "We'll find that by daylight. It's almost dawn now. Everything's okay."

"Fine! How did you get in the building?"

"Climbed in the window in the left wing—that front bedroom—when I found the passage locked. Miss Celia had lugged you on the couch all by herself."

"Thanks," Garrett muttered to Celia without looking at her. "Guess I missed out on too much sleep."

"Yeah," said Dan with a faint smile. "She was going for Linklater. But we tied you up without him. Nothing smashed. You lost a lotta blood, is all. Got you through the muscle."

"Linklater!" Garrett chuckled unsteadily. "You turned up just in time!—I didn't mean that the way it sounds," he added to Celia uncomfortably. "You were mighty kind. Guess I'll have to take it all back, about—"

"Never mind!" Celia interrupted hastily. She laid his coat around his shoulders. "How—do you feel now?"

Something in her tone and the way she looked at him made Garrett study her. She was very pale and her eyes were enormous. They avoided his.

He glanced down. By his feet stood the porcelain bowl half full of gore and water. His bloodstained undershirt and shirt lay beside it. A chair held lint, iodine, some red-brown swabs, and a bit of smooth wood which had been used as a probe. He realized why his shoulder stung.

"Bullet went in under your collarbone and came out on top," Dan explained. "You were lucky. It's all clean now."

"Why, you did a complete job!" Garrett said admiringly. "I could use a shot of rye—and so could you, Celia."

"I—I'll get it," she agreed rather faintly.

"Not you! It's in the dining-room sideboard, Brice. Mind fetching it—and three glasses?"

"What a brain!" said Dan. They heard him unlock the living room door and lock it behind him.

"That was swell of you," Garrett told the silent girl warmly. "Guess you'd better sit down now."

"It wasn't much!" she flushed. "You looked—dreadful." Her eyes sought Osterhout's still form and darkened with horror.

"Well, sit down anyhow!" Garrett ordered harshly.

Celia whirled on him. "I'm not aware of your right to order me around, Mr. Garrett! I'll do as I please!"

"You'll sit down or I'll sit you down!" he thundered. "Who's in charge here? You make me tired."

Celia collapsed into a chair, gasping. "I—was going to anyway!" she flared. "You've got the biggest nerve and the very foulest manners I ever saw in my life!"

"You haven't traveled," said Garrett. "Feel better?"

"I'm perfectly all right!" she retorted icily.

"Guess so. There's nothing wrong with your temper."

Celia disdained to reply. When Dan came back with the drinks, he found her biting her lip and Garrett looking wooden. Rage had driven the grief and horror from Celia's eyes.

After a stiff drink apiece they all felt better.

Garrett found Osterhout's revolver on the couch.

"Will you see Miss Camray to her room, Brice?" he asked. "There's a lot to be done. I'll stay on guard here."

"Okay," said Dan.

Celia rose, bade Garrett a cool good night and left.

Dan returned almost at once, the lines of humor about his eyes hitting at inward mirth. He said nothing.

"Did you find Susan there?" asked Garrett absently.

"Sure. Asleep in a chair. Miss Celia locked her window. It's getting light outside. Wonder why he kidnaped her?"

"That's what worries me," confessed Garrett. "May try again." He looked up at the roof. "Thank heaven for daylight—"

"Say," Dan interrupted, "you better get some clothes on. Don't catch cold in that shoulder."

"You're right. I'll borrow an undershirt from Osterhout's room. Guess he wouldn't mind—"

Garrett found a warm undershirt in Osterhout's bureau and managed to get it on over the bandages. He also borrowed a light sweater. With one of Linklater's shirts from his own room Garrett returned to the workshop. Dan helped him finish dressing.

"That's better," he admitted. "What about Huckle?"

"Beaver got him through the arm. Nothing bad, but he dropped his rifle. He was part way up from the beach then. Heard the shooting, see? By the time he got down again there wasn't a sign of our man. I found Tiny hunting his boat and swearing. We couldn't find a trace. Must of swum out to it."

"No," said Garrett, "his clothes weren't wet. Where's Huckle now? On the beach again?"

"Sure. I brought him up to the hut and fixed his arm. You're the second. That Beaver's a human pinwheel! How d'you catch him with Miss Celia?"

"Heard the passage door creak as I was coming over to see you. The question is, who let him in? That door was locked and bolted on the inside."

"I been wondering that myself!" said Dan. "What d'you find, when you came back with Miss Celia?"

"Nobody. When we got to her room, she found blood on herself and screamed. Vane and Mrs. Mallow turned up pretty quick. No one else stirred. Doesn't prove much either way."

"I guess not. What about in here?"

"Locked and dark, as I left it. I nailed up that window, see? Don't think it's been touched. The safe's locked."

"Beaver could of got in the way I did," observed Dan restlessly. "Who moved that sheet off Mr. Osterhout?"

"I did, getting his gun." Garrett showed the weapon. "But I don't think Beaver got in that way. He came before you took your post. Sako and Brisson hadn't been long in their beds

(Continued on Page 25)

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"[illegible] see, when we are young, Nature does our [illegible] for us by supplying certain softening, [illegible] oils to the skin which give it supple[illegible]ness, freshness. But as we grow older, [illegible] becomes less zealous in her care.

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INGRAM'S MILKWEED CREAM

To chase a COLD away

1. Cleanse the system
2. Combat acidity

Sal Hepatica does BOTH!

"DON'T let a cold linger," warn modern physicians. They recommend:

1. Rid your system of wastes
2. Combat the acidity that encourages a cold

And Sal Hepatica does *both*. First, Sal Hepatica cleanses the intestinal tract—quickly, thoroughly, gently. Second, Sal Hepatica does what no ordinary laxative can do—Sal Hepatica brings about a definite alkaline (anti-acid) reaction, to help your system return to its normal alkaline reserve.

Unlike ordinary laxatives

When you realize that cold germs seldom take hold in an alkaline system, you see how important Sal Hepatica's anti-acid action is, in routing a cold. For ordinary laxatives are not designed to combat acidity.

So whenever a cold threatens, take two teaspoons of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. In addition, get plenty of rest (go to bed and call a physician if your cold is too severe), watch your diet, drink plenty of liquids. That is the modern way. Get Sal Hepatica today.

THE MINERAL SALT LAXATIVE THAT ALSO COMBATS ACIDITY

TUNE IN: Fred Allen's "Town Hall Tonight." Every Wednesday Night, over NBC Nation-Wide Network.

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Seized by a Black Magic Demon in the African Jungle

(Continued from Double Page)

curses were mingled with phrases of loathsome obscenity and unspeakable meaning

The firing party had fallen out of formation, were glancing towards us uneasily. Even to their crude intelligence, the creature was mad, and to the primitive African there is something sacrosanct in madness. I felt as if my ear-drums were cracking. Then, as with a superhuman effort the madman leapt in the air, his feet and ankles torn and bleeding from the chains that still held them, I saw the cynical smile fade from the Commandant's face.

"It is enough!" I heard him murmur. He raised his right arm and gave some sharp barking orders. At last the words of release came.

"Fire!"

The rifles spat with a nasty cracking sound, and the mad figure lay in a crumpled bleeding heap on the hot dust. With a last feeble wriggle, it lay still, but yet, by some queer hazard, the outstretched arm and accusing finger pointed at me.

The Commandant turned to me with some gallant remark, but I did not answer, for I was trembling. For the moment my usual tough common-sense had left me, and something ominous, in some way prophetic, seemed to hang over me like an inescapable doom, weighing me down intolerably. I still seemed to see that accusing hand, to hear that curse of curses as my fate. All utter rot, of course, but the elementals grip one by the throat in primeval Africa.

As I turned to enter my room I felt a touch on my gaitered knees and realized that throughout the ordeal Amadou had been crouching against me, pathetically holding on to one of my bootlaces.

"Missis," he stammered, as I sank down on the bed, while he relieved me of my topee. He looked frightened, somehow, or at any rate extremely embarrassed, as though he wanted to say something but did not know how.

"Good boy, Amadou," I murmured. "You want to tell me something? It's all right. What it is?"

"Missis—" He appeared to pluck up courage, and his glossy Simianesque face was ludicrously tense in its earnestness. "Missis, you good missis to me. I like you—" I patted his head. "Missis, you know I am civilised (Amadou, good Pagan savage, was very proud or his "civilization") but I know the ways of these people. Bad people, not civilised. This bad white man he was chief of Baboon People, very bad people. My father he chief of the Leopard People, brave, good people, from before all time enemies of the Baboon People. As you know, Missis, it is taboo to hunt the leopard because he protect us. But we wear his claws and his hair to protect us from danger. It is a mighty gri-gri."

Here I saw Amadou fumbling in the bosom of his sole garment.

"This mad white Baboon man, he curse you," he continued. "Such curse is bad and will follow you everywhere and bring you bad luck and cause all things to fail with you and your household and family. Don't laugh, Missis. I good African, I know. I like you Missis, so I give you my gri-gri. You wear it always, and the curse will hurt you nohow."

I was touched, for I knew that Amadou's offer was the surrender of his most priceless, sacrosanct possession.

"But Amadou—" I hesitated.

"Missis, please. I tell you wear him. Greatly will the Leopard Men of my tribe be glad, for you saved my life at Konakiri, and I am chief's son, and you very good Missis. Tonight, it is the night of the full moon, the night of nights, and I will go down under the baobab tree, and will dance to the leopard spirits, so that my gri-gri will never fail you."

Well, I had bath and breakfast, and quiet reigned once more under my verandah and, absurd as it may sound in civilized Europe, the feel of that fly-eaten leopard's claw under my bush-shirt gave me an odd feeling of reassurance. That night at supper—my last evening in N 'Gmbe—I did not listen to the gallant conversation of the Commandant, for out of the tail of my eye I could see Amadou in full rig-out sneaking furtively under the full moon in the direction of the baobab tree, to dance for my freedom from the unholy curse, and for my good-fortune. I felt that now I understood a good deal more of unfortunate humanity than I did before I landed in this God-forsaken lost corner of Africa, and I felt no inclination to laugh

Since—a few days ago—I started to write this African adventure of mine, my little house, by some hazard, still remains unlet, and my friends smile commiseratingly over that most desirable tenant who let me down at the last minute. Their smiles grow broader while I speak with some seriousness of the possible risks of magic-making, Black or White. But I remember, among other things, that Devil-haunted creature who, because of his unholy experimentalism, would have made of me a hideous, unnameable sacrifice one burning African afternoon. Black Magic has frightened me, and I do not laugh any longer.

Sea Shroud by Sinclair Gluck

(Continued from Page 24)

then. Don't believe they fell asleep that quick."

"Nope. They would of heard him. Guess somebody let him in," Dan frowned. "Say, you better get some sleep."

"That goes for us both," said Garrett. "Now that it's daylight, suppose you post Huckle on the ridge, if he's up to it, and get Buck up here to watch the right wing and the workshop. You take a snooze in Osterhout's room with the windows locked and the door open. I'll do the same in my room. A few hours will put me right, but I've got to have those."

"Sounds okay. I'll get Buck now." Dan started out.

"Wait a minute. That leaves Linklater in our midst. Tell Buck that once Linklater leaves his room, he's to keep him out of the right wing entirely. Everyone else, too. Okay?"

"Sure." Dan moved aside, carefully replaced the sheet over Osterhout's body and left the room without noise.

Garrett switched off the paling electric lights, went to the broken window and tried the board he had nailed there. It was firm and undisturbed. He turned to stare about the room slowly, hoping for inspiration. To solve the method of murder would, he felt sure, lead to the murderer.

No inspiration came to him. He was still gazing about with tired eyes, when Dan and Buck arrived.

With the quiet and capable Buck on guard, Garrett lay down in his own room and fell asleep like a log. . . .

A breath of cool sea air woke him to bright daylight. Dan was just turning back from the window. Garrett sat up with a grunt of pain. The ex-marine carried a first aid kit. His brown face looked grim and tired.

"Hullo," said Garrett. "What time is it?"

"Close on noon. I just sighted the speed-boat. Better let me dress that shoulder again."

(Continued on Page 26)

That something extra: fragrance!

Lettuce is just lettuce—but add something extra and it becomes salad! There's an added attraction in Frostilla Lotion, too—its delightful *fragrance*. Once you've enjoyed it, you'll never again be satisfied with lotions that have *no* odor, or a medicinal smell! Quick-drying, not sticky, Frostilla has been the favorite for hands since 1873 . . . and always unequalled in the soothing, smoothing care it brings.

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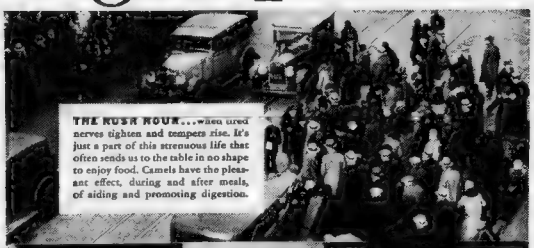
FROSTILLA Lotion

THE REAL DOINGS of real life characters—actual names of people and places—are given in the true stories printed in this and other issues of The American Weekly. That is why this magazine is different from other publications—more interesting.

High-Speed Living *Taxes Digestion*



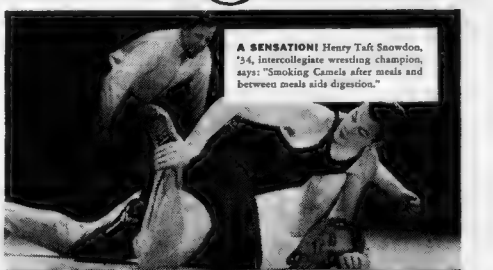
THE RUSH HOUR . . . when tired nerves tighten and tempers rise. It's just a part of this strenuous life that often sends us to the table in no shape to enjoy food. Camels have the pleasant effect, during and after meals, of aiding and promoting digestion.

Smoking Camels found to have a positive beneficial effect upon Digestion . . .

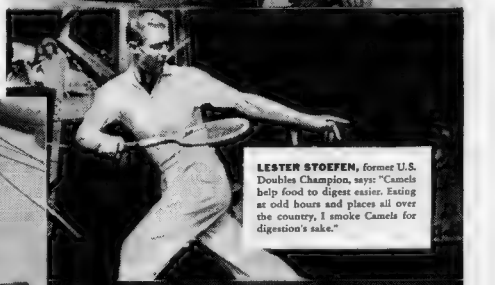
Our modern "eat-and-run" way of living is hard on digestion. Experiences with indigestion are all too common! Hence unusual interest attaches to the following fact: that smoking Camels has been found to have a marked beneficial effect in aiding digestive action. You'll find Camels milder too, more delicate in flavor, packed with the rich enjoyment of choice tobaccos.

Turn to Camels for digestion's sake . . . for the pleasure to be found in Camel's costlier tobaccos.

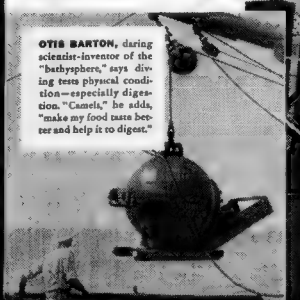
Camels set you right!



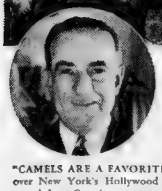
A SENSATION! Henry Taft Snowdon, '34, intercollegiate wrestling champion, says: "Smoking Camels after meals and between meals aids digestion."



LESTER STOEFEN, former U.S. Doubles Champion, says: "Camels help food to digest easier. Eating at odd hours and places all over the country, I smoke Camels for digestion's sake."



OTIS BARTON, daring scientist-inventor of the "bathysphere," says diving tests physical condition—especially digestion. "Camels," he adds, "make my food taste better and help it to digest."



MEET JOE MOSS
famous impresario of New York's glamorous Hollywood Restaurant

"CAMELS ARE A FAVORITE here," says Mr. Joe Moss, who presides over New York's Hollywood Restaurant (*above*). "As I look at the crowd, I see Camels on many tables. The fact that Camel uses costlier tobaccos and people prefer Camels shows that they appreciate the best."

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For Digestion's Sake—smoke Camels

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Sea Shroud

By Sinclair Gluck

(Continued from Page 24)

The Beam Showed the Glint of a Big Revolver Being Awkwardly Aimed From the Level of the Man's Waist.

Sako's crowd wouldn't have kidnapped Celia. Two gangs of spies? Hell, what a muddle!"

"I'll tell Buck in there, pronto," Dan started out.

"And er—ask Miss Camray to stay near the house, will you Brice?" Garrett suggested

Dan went out, smiling. After a wash that refreshed him, Garrett went to Vane's room. It was unoccupied. In the box of mosses he found his tie undisturbed. He put it on and went to write his letter.

CHAPTER XXIII.
The Speed-Boat Returns.

DAN had raised the canvas screen of the boathouse. He and Garrett stood near the inlet, watching the distant speed-boat race in toward the kelp in a shimmer of spray.

With a night's rest behind him, Placer was the logical man to make the run into Santa Barbara with Garrett's note. Dan had postponed his sleep and walked down to meet Placer, explain matters and send him out again.

It was a day of color and silence, the high sun ablaze on the calm water and a cool northeast breeze blowing. Every trace of mist had vanished. Last night's tragedy, last night's raging peril seemed as unreal as a dream.

Yet the body of Osterhout, up there in the sunlit workroom, Sako was gone. The plane burned. In a few more hours the sun would go down, bringing darkness and mist.

Garrett paced seaward now a rare scowl on his face, but neither the glare nor his aching shoulder caused it. His failure to solve the mystery of Osterhout's death left him more anxious than he cared to admit even to Brice.

The faint drumming of the speed-boat died to a mutter as she struck the kelp. A sudden thought made Garrett turn.

"How long will she take for the run?" he asked Dan.

"About three hours each way. She's fast. East or west of Santa Cruz Island, it's around ninety miles."

"Humph!" said Garrett and thought aloud: "Suppose he eats first and leaves at one. Four o'clock. An hour there for his errand brings him to five and gets him back here at eight. That won't do. It'll be dark then. Got to make better time."

"You mean the channel? Sam can bring that flying scow-fish through the kelp anywhere. Draws no water. He'll get here safe after dark, mist or no mist."

"That isn't the point," said Garrett. "He's got to get back here before dark. It's essential."

"Okay," Dan agreed with a curious glance. "I'll have him grab a snack here and eat it on the way in."

Garrett shook his head. "That'll help—but suppose he's delayed? If he makes it after nightfall, could he swing west of Beggs' Rock, get through the kelp over there and land the cop on the west beach—or hug the shore around to this one? I don't want him to approach the island from the east tonight."

"You'd have some reason," Dan suggested.

"Well," explained Garrett smoothly, "Beaver may turn up again tonight. He must have a ship off shore as well as a rowboat. If his ship hangs around out there, without lights, Placer might run slap into her in the mist."

"You think of everything," drawled the ex-marine with unbelief. "I'll tell him, though. Sure he can make it, over west. But I reckon he'll show up here by sunset."

Garrett let it go at that since Dan asked no more.

By now the speed-boat was making straight in and getting rapidly larger. Running on the flood tide, Placer cut out the engine and reversed like an old hand, nosing her right into the boathouse with scarcely a jar.

Dan and Garrett followed her inside. Mallow rose from his place amidship and climbed to the dock with an air of relief. He was very pale after coming through the kelp. Refracted sunshine from the water filled the boathouse with a shimmering, greenish light that made his face look ghastly. He stamped on the dock, straightened his coat and looked around, a hint of animation now in his usually dull eyes.

"Where's Mr. Osterhout?" he asked Dan.

"Why?" cut in Garrett. "Experiment a success?"

Mallow regarded him with distant annoyance. "You mean the airship model, Mr. Garrett? Perhaps you'll give me time—"

"What else?" Garrett demanded irritably.

"I was talking to Brice!" Mallow protested. Then, catching Garrett's eye, he went on nervously: "I imagine, however, that the news will soon be known to all. The experiment was entirely successful! I hoped that Mr. Osterhout—"

"Mr. Osterhout's been murdered," said Garrett.

Mallow stiffened and goggled at him.

Placer dropped a wrench and hoisted his long body grimly to the dock, wiping his hands on a bit of waste. He flung this back in the cockpit and started for Garrett. A word from Dan brought him up, silent and open-mouthed.

By this time Mallow had recovered himself.

"If this is your idea of a joke, Mr. Garrett—" he said coldly, "I consider it in the worst possible taste."

"It's bad taste all right, but it isn't any joke."

"Mr. Osterhout's dead?" Placer echoed. "Why, you—" He turned on Dan. "Say, if this bird—what's the idea?"

"Sit tight," said Dan.

Mallow stared from one to the other, washing his hands in agitation. "Brice!" he cried huskily. "What does it mean? Is this thing true, by any chance?"

Dan nodded. "I'm afraid that's right, Mr. Mallow."

"But this is appalling! He's just succeeded! Aren't you here to prevent such a thing? I can't believe it—"

"It's true," said Garrett. "He's up in the workship. Want to see him? He was doing another experiment at the time."

"What? Of course I want to see him! I grew to love him. How dreadful! You haven't told us who did it."

"No," said Garrett. "By the way, Brice! Aren't you sending Placer up for that snack?"

"Have you caught the murderer?" Mallow demanded.

Neither Garrett nor Dan chose to reply.

"If not," cried Mallow, breathing hard, "the police must be notified at once! Why, nobody's safe—"

He broke off, to look with fishy eyes at Garrett.

"Now the launch is back," said Garrett dryly, "we're sending Placer in to do just that."

"Say—" began Placer belligerently.

"Come on, Sam," said Dan. "Close your trap and get going. I'll explain on the way up."

They marched out together, Placer looking back once.

Mallow climbed the hill with Garrett. He was full of questions, regrets and dawning alarm about the plans. Garrett had mentioned these as still in the safe. As though forgetting his doubts of Garrett, Mallow bewailed the fact that nobody on the island except Osterhout knew the combination.

Allowing for his dull, tight personality, Mallow was almost pathetic in his distress. Garrett admitted how little they knew about the murderer and his method. Incredulous of the details at first, Mallow plied him with questions, talking a great deal more than usual. Then, as they neared the house, the dead man's assistant withdrew into his accustomed shell.

Garrett took him into the workshop and after showing him the body, called his attention to the broken glass rod and the paper loops. Mallow stared at them with shocked eyes.

"It's nothing Mr. Osterhout told you about," he whispered huskily. "How dreadful he looks! I don't think I can stay now. Perhaps later when I've recovered—"

"Can you guess the purpose of this experiment?" Garrett asked. "It seems an irrelevant detail in the case. But anything may help the police."

"Not unless he was testing the resistance of glass in that circular form. He may have struck it a sharp blow, to learn whether it would shatter before the loops tore. Glass is a non-conductor.

Perhaps he thought of using it in the ship." Mallow swayed. "I—I feel rather faint—"

Garrett helped him into the living room and a chair.

"There you are," he said. "Now please keep out of the workshop. Nothing must be touched until the police arrive. We set Buck Edwards on guard to see that no one goes in there."

"All right," said Mallow weakly, "if he can be trusted! I think I'll go to my room and lie down before lunch."

Garrett watched him enter the court and fill his lungs with sea air before stumping away toward his room.

Placer and Dan were in the boathouse, when Garrett got down there a few minutes later.

Placer was stowing away sandwiches and looked his quiet, competent self again.

"Says he'll make it by sunset or come through the kelp up north," Dan volunteered. "That right, Sam?" Placer nodded, with a fleeting glance at them both.

Garrett passed the note over and continued to hold out his hand. "Good trip, Placer," he smiled. "Okay?"

"Okay," echoed Placer, shaking hands. "Guess I had you pegged all wrong, Mister. Take care o' poor old Dan—"

"Oh, yeah?" said Dan. "You get agoin', see?"

He and Garrett watched the speed-boat until it dwindled to a speck in the glare.

Dan stopped for Tiny at the hut. Though his wounded arm made him surly as a bear, Tiny Huckle had slept all morning and agreed to relieve Buck. All three ate while Garrett sat in the workshop and tried to puzzle out the murder's method.

Later, the ex-marines joined him. Dan lay down on the couch while Huckle guarded the place. Garrett offered his own room to Buck Edwards as cooler than the hut, and took him there. With these arrangements made, Garrett walked across to the dining room. There seemed little point in keeping a man awake to guard the beaches by day.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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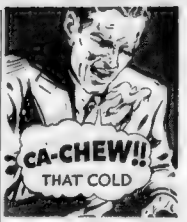

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At the first sign of congestion, rub "Ben-Gay" on your chest. You'll feel almost immediate relief, and at the same time "Ben-Gay's" sharp, pungent fumes will clear your head as though by magic. Its medication penetrates the skin and relieves the local congestion. Relief is thorough and speedy.

Don't let colds get you down—Baume "Ben-Gay" at your druggist's.

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BAUME "BEN-GAY"

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Relieves Itching Irritation Burning

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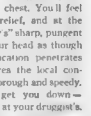

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Try Resinol today for itching irritation, pimply spots or other skin afflictions due to external causes. You will be delighted with the relief it gives.

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Here Are Good Things Galore

By Mary Lee Swann.
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Crumb Pastry.

MIX 12 finely rolled graham crackers with ⅛ cup butter and 1 tablespoon sugar. Line bottom and sides of a pie plate. Bake in a hot oven, or at about 400 degrees Fahrenheit, for 10 minutes. Cool. Fill.

IT'S no secret out in the movie colony that more than one famous star has lost her job because of constipation.

Movie directors simply can't stand for lack of pep, dull eyes, pimples, sick headaches and yellow, bilious complexions.

Constipation causes these things.

That's why you should follow Hollywood's example and *not let a second day pass* without coming to Nature's aid with a beauty laxative.

Olive Tablets are popular in Los Angeles, and everywhere else, because they are dependable, mild and non-habit-forming. And because they gently help Nature restore normal action in the intestines without pain or griping.

Dr. Edwards, a registered physician, compounded this wholesome beauty laxative, from simple vegetable ingredients, more than twenty-five years ago. Keep a box handy on the bathroom shelf. Three sizes—15¢, 30¢, and 60¢ at all druggists.

DR. EDWARDS'
OLIVE TABLETS
THE Beauty LAXATIVE

In a single year... OVER
1,000,000
PRESCRIPTIONS
were filled for PERTUSSIN

—because it relieves Coughs safely

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When you cough, it's usually because tiny moisture glands in throat and bronchial tubes have clogged or dried. Infectious phlegm collects, irritates—you cough.

Pertussin stimulates these glands to pour out natural moisture freely. Sticky phlegm loosens and is easily raised. Get a bottle at your druggist.

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"MOIST-THROAT" METHOD OF
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I want a Free trial bottle of Pertussin—quick!

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"With my gums gradually shrinking I had difficulty keeping my plate in position with various denture powders. Most of them lasted only a few hours. Now I use FASTEETH and what a difference! I now wear my plate for 24 hours with absolute security and comfort. FASTEETH does not wash away or become thinned out, but STAYS PUT until I am ready to remove plate. FASTEETH is tasteless. Does not sour or cause foul breath. Holds false teeth all day long."

Accept only FASTEETH to enjoy false teeth comfort like you've never had before. Ask for FASTEETH at any good drug store. Small, medium and a large with pocket dispenser Free. Tested and Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.

EACH issue of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY accurately portrays the world of ours—as it is, as it was and as we would have it be.

Uncooked Sugar Plum Cake.

MIX 1 pound crushed graham crackers, 1 pound sliced marshmallows, 1 pound sliced dates, 1 cup broken nut meats, 1 cup maraschino cherries, ½ cup raisins and a scant cup of evaporated milk. Add ½ cup freshly grated coconut and a little finely chopped candied orange peel and shredded citron, if desired. Pack down in deep cake pan. Decorate with cherries and nuts. Cover closely and let stand few days.

Mushroom Soup (Carolina Style).

SCALD 1 cup rich milk with a slice of onion and a piece of celery. Bring 1 can mushroom soup to the boiling point. Add the scalded milk and season to taste with salt and pepper. Bring the liquid of 1 dozen oysters to boiling point. Add the oysters and cook until edges curl and oysters are plump. Combine with the first mixture. Serve immediately.

Frozen Pudding (Georgia Style).

FINELY shred ½ pound blanched almonds. Cut ½ pound pecans, ½ pound of candied cherries and ½ can of drained pineapple in small pieces. Cover fruit and nuts with 1 cup of sherry and let stand over night. Add 1 quart rich boiled custard and 1 quart thick sweet cream. Sweeten to taste. Freeze. Serve with sauce made as follows: Beat 2 egg yolks with 2 tablespoons powdered sugar. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until egg is a little thickened. Continue beating until cold. Add 1 tablespoon brandy and mix well. Fold in 1 cup cream, beaten to a dry stiff froth.

Breakfast Muffins.

MIX and sift 2 cups flour, ½ teaspoon salt and 4 teaspoons baking powder. Cream ⅓ cup butter, add ¼ cup sugar and 1 well beaten egg and beat until smooth. Add ¾ cup milk alternately with the sifted dry ingredients. Fold in 1 cup of well drained canned or fresh berries. Turn into well greased muffin pans and bake in a rather quick oven, or at about 425 degrees Fahrenheit, for 15 or 20 minutes.

Lemon Cake.

CREAM 1 cup shortening, add 2 cups sugar gradually and blend well. Add 4 well beaten egg yolks and 1 teaspoon lemon extract. Mix and sift 4 cups flour, 5 teaspoons baking powder and ½ teaspoon salt and add alternately with 2½ cups milk to the first mixture. Fold in 3 stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into 3 layer cake pans lined with waxed paper and bake in a moderate oven, or at about 365 degrees, 35 or 40 minutes. Turn out on wire cake coolers. When cold put together with lemon filling and cover with Seven Minute or Miracle Icing. To make the lemon filling mix 5 tablespoons cornstarch, 1½ cups sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 cups hot water, ½ cup lemon juice and 2 tablespoons butter. Cook about 15 minutes, stirring constantly until smooth and creamy. Then stir frequently. Add 2 beaten eggs and the grated zest of ½ lemon. Cook about 2 minutes, stirring constantly.

Canapes.

CUT white or graham bread in star-shaped slices. Season finely chopped green pepper with well seasoned French dressing. Season finely chopped pimiento with well seasoned French dressing. Season finely chopped hard cooked egg white with French dressing. Arrange the pepper and pimiento on alternate points of the star and pile the egg white lightly in the center.

Festive Eclairs.

MIX ½ cup butter with 1 cup of boiling water. As soon as butter is melted add 1 cup sifted flour quickly and stir vigorously until paste leaves sides of saucepan. Remove to a bowl. Beat until smooth. Add 3 eggs, one at a time, beating after each addition. Have ready a buttered baking sheet. Shape the paste in small eclairs about 2 inches long and ½ inch wide. Bake in a hot oven until light. When cold open on the side and fill with whipped and sweetened cream. Cover with white frosting and decorate with bits of candied cherries and citron or angelica leaves.

Bread Crumb Nut Surprise.

MIX 1 teaspoon baking powder with 2 cups fine bread crumbs. Add 1 cup dates, 1 cup broken nuts, ½ cup sugar and 6 well beaten egg yolks. Fold in 6 stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into buttered muffin pans and bake in a moderate oven. Serve with whipped cream.

Mock Devonshire Cream.

BEAT 1 package cream cheese until smooth. Add ½ cup cream gradually. Beat together only until smooth.

Tapioca Butterscotch.

ADD 4 tablespoons quick tapioca and ½ teaspoon salt to 2 cups scalded milk and cook in top of double boiler about 15 minutes or until tapioca is clear, stirring frequently. Melt 1 tablespoon butter and ¾ cup brown sugar (firmly packed) in small saucepan and cook until brown but not burned. Add to tapioca mixture and cook over hot water until butterscotch is dissolved. Chill. Add ¼ cup chopped freshly parched peanuts.

Molasses Whipped Cream (For Pudding).

FOLD 2 tablespoons molasses into ½ cup cream, whipped.

Foamy Sauce.

HAVE ready ¼ cup sifted brown sugar, firmly packed. Add ½ of the sugar to 1 egg yolk and beat until light. Add a pinch of salt to 1 egg white and beat until foamy. Add remaining sugar, a little at a time, beating constantly. Combine egg yolk and egg white mixtures. Fold in ¼ cup cream, beaten until stiff. Flavor with a few drops vanilla. Serve immediately.

Devilled Almonds.

COOK 2 ounces blanched and shredded almonds in a little butter until almonds are delicately colored. Mix 1 tablespoon chutney, 2 tablespoons minced pickles, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, ½ teaspoon salt and a few grains pepper. Pour over the nuts and serve immediately.

Vegetable Fritters.

FRITTERS are made of pieces or slices of vegetables covered with a batter and fried by spoonfuls in deep hot fat. For this batter use the same proportion of ingredients as in a muffin recipe, omitting the baking powder and fat if desired. Fritters should be fried until brown, in hot deep fat. Drain on unglazed paper.

Chestnuts in Casserole.

REMOVE shells from 3 cups chestnuts. Put nuts in casserole dish. Pour over them 3 cups well seasoned chicken stock. Cover and bake gently about 3 hours. Then thicken stock with 2 tablespoons butter and 1½ tablespoons flour blended together. Serve immediately.

Chestnut Stuffing (for Turkey).

SHELL and blanch 1 quart chestnuts. Cook in boiling water until tender. Press through sieve and mix with ½ cup bread crumbs, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons cream, 1 teaspoon minced celery, 1 teaspoon minced onion (or thyme), 1 teaspoon salt and a few grains pepper. Use as any stuffing.

Chuck Beef with Gingersnap Gravy.

COVER 3-pound chuck roast with equal parts vinegar and water. Add a few bay leaves, 6 or 8 cloves, a dozen black peppers and 1 peeled onion. Let meat stand in the vinegar and spices for 2 or 3 days, turning several times. Remove meat from vinegar and brown it in a little hot fat in a heavy saucepan. Slip a rack under the meat to prevent sticking to the pot. Add 1 cup of the spiced vinegar mixture, cover with close fitting lid, and simmer gently for 2 hours or until meat is tender. Serve with gravy made of the drippings and 3 or 4 gingersnaps crumbled or broken into little pieces.

Lemon Chiffon Pie.

ADD ½ cup sugar, ½ cup lemon juice and ½ teaspoon salt to 4 beaten egg yolks and cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until smooth and creamy. Pour ½ cup cold water into bowl and add gelatin as directed on container. Add to hot custard and mix well. When dissolved add the grated rind of about ½ lemon. Set aside to chill. As mixture begins to congeal fold in 4 stiffly beaten egg whites to which ½ cup sugar has been added. Fill baked pie shell or graham cracker crust and chill. Just before serving spread over pie a thin layer of whipped cream. To make graham cracker crust mix 1½ cups fine graham cracker crumbs with ½ cup powdered sugar and ½ cup (scant) butter. Pat mixture evenly into pie pan. Place pie plate in ice box for several hours and then fill with pie filling.

Asparagus, Atlantic City Style.

COOK 2 cups of diced asparagus tips in boiling salted water until tender. Have ready 1 cup of cooked green peas—fresh, canned or froze. Combine the cooked peas and asparagus and season with 1 teaspoon salt, a few grains paprika, 1 teaspoon sugar and ½ cup thick, sweet cream.

Lamb Baked with Orange.

BONE a shoulder or leg of lamb carefully. Place 1 or 2 oranges in the cavity. Wipe with clean damp cloth, sprinkle with salt, dredge with flour and place on rack in roasting pan. Bake in a moderate oven, or at about 325 degrees Fahrenheit, until well done.

Spaghetti Italienne.

BOIL 1 pound spaghetti, until tender, in salted water (allow about 1 teaspoon salt to each quart of water). There should be plenty of water in the saucepan so that spaghetti can be stirred frequently with a fork. Drain. Fry 3 cloves of garlic in ½ cup salad oil until delicately browned. Combine 1 can Italian tomato paste with an equal amount of cold water, add to the garlic and oil and simmer until thick. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Pour this sauce over the drained tender spaghetti and serve with grated Parmesan cheese.

3 Common Skin Faults

Miss Phyllis Konta, beautiful New York debutante, says: "I use Pond's Cold Cream all the time—how could I have blackheads or blemishes!"

How skin faults begin...
Below that dark top layer are hidden layers where active glands, cells, muscle and nerve fibres keep your skin fine, clear. But when they fail, skin faults start!

with the same Starting Place —Your Under Skin

ASK any girl what skin fault bothers her most —A surprise, if it isn't one of these! Blackheads and blemishes are forever coming—once they start. Every new one, a new embarrassment. And who does not fret over coarse pores?

The three commonest skin faults—and the ones that show up most. Any one of them can spoil the prettiest face!

Treat them Underneath . . . where they Begin

The surprising thing is, all three have the same secret beginnings—in the *under layers* of your skin! The moment you learn to strike at them there, *where they start*, you have the key to getting rid of them quickly.

Underneath, tiny oil glands are overworked. They give off a thick clogging oil. Pores stretch. Dirt settles in them . . . Blackheads! . . . Later, blemishes.

But it's very simple to fight off all three. You can *rouse* that faulty underskin. You can keep little glands, nerves, fibres and cells functioning healthily—with the regular use of Pond's Cold Cream.

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Catering to the Convalescent Child or Adult

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

CATERING to the convalescent is a difficult task at best and one that requires real skill, patience and interest, especially if the sick one is a child.

Illness of any kind takes all the pep out of appetite, and it becomes necessary to entice it back again by means of dainty service, a garnish of gay food color, and above all by the avoidance of monotony. For boredom is one of the chief symptoms of the patient restricted to bed, and even the most wholesome dishes will be refused if they look like yesterday's bill of fare. Interest, novelty, imagination — are needed to tempt the convalescent's indifference to food.

First, let the china and glassware used on the bedside-tray be of the most pleasing type and pattern. This is the time to bring forth from one's china closet the odd pieces, the novelty pitcher or small bowl or dainty cup with which to dress up the convalescent's meals.

Often a saltcellar or sugar shaker in the shape of a frog or bird or other odd device will urge the small patient to use it—and eat the food so sprinkled by himself.

Milk out of a quaint animal pitcher, perhaps, will taste much much better than milk in an ordinary glass tumbler! If the convalescent is so young or so helpless that there is danger of breakage, the modern pieces of unbreakable composition ware, made in bright gay colors, and costing very little, are a wise investment.

Second, it cannot be too often suggested that foods for any invalid-tray should be served not only hot, but piping hot! Nothing makes for a lagging appetite so much as cold toast, chilly egg, or dishes which are neither cold or hot. The patient has an oversensitive attitude to food, and everything possible should be done to use right temperature as a means of aiding appetite.

To this end, glass baking and serving dishes may be used, particularly the individual casserole or bean pot, or the small one-portion ramequin or marmite. These may be filled with the food mixture, placed in the oven, and then served at a literal piping hot. This is especially necessary if the patient's room is some distance from the kitchen.

Covers of aluminum, or the bellglass used by the hotel chef when he broils mushrooms, are serviceable in keeping cereals and toast, as well as other dishes hot. If the convalescent is due for a several weeks' detention in one room, it may be wise to set up a small stand and portable electric table stove in the room so that foods may be made or kept hot at any required moment.

Third, as to the manner of service: the one objection that most sick patients have to their food is that it looks uninteresting. Thus, a portion of a delicious custard or cornstarch pudding, whose nutriment is badly required by the one trying to get well, may be refused simply because it looks like nothing at all; what we may call personalized foods is what brings up the appetite curve, and by personalized we mean food that is served in an individual and novel way.

The same recipe for the pudding or dessert may be baked or steamed or molded chill in some kind of individual dish or heavy tin mold—as a star, or melon, or corn-ear, or as a fish, or moon, or what have you—shops are full of simply entrancing molds and cooking shapes which will make the plainest pudding or cereal quite glorified.

Fourth, usually the foods for a patient should be so presented that there is little need for carving or cutting or doing any extra effort to get the food into his mouth. Often the patient must lie on one side only, or on the back—so that all foods must be so served that eating is easy.

Thus, ingredients which are chopped, or diced, or otherwise cut small are most satisfactory. Many desserts can be shaped so that they divide into several segments—so also may a whole apple or orange be served. Cubes of bread, or sticks of bread, or different kinds of crackers, nicely toasted, never stale, are better than breads on the sick-tray.

Fifth, let us see how the foods themselves may be cooked or prepared to enhance or abet appetite. Foremost is the caution that no foods served to the convalescent should ever be greasy—and that means soups especially. All broths or soups should be made, allowed to chill, and then the resulting hard grease or fat layer entirely removed before any portion of the soup is served.

A quantity of clear beef broth or other stock can be kept in the refrigerator and varied daily by the addition of different kinds of diced vegetables, by bread croutons, or one of the food pastes such as the alphabet pastes, vermicelli, noodles, etc.

Cream soups are also important in the convalescent diet. But when made daily for but one person, the cream soup represents too great a proportion of effort when the housewife-mother's time is at such a premium. An economy is to use the small cans of strained vegetable pulp or purees—carrot, spinach, pea, etc. —such as given to very young children. By adding this vegetable puree to a cup of hot milk or a thin cream sauce, one has an instant cream soup of wholesome and delicious variety.

Canned chicken may be used, diced, to add to clear broths, or to noodle soup, or may be combined with cream sauce and used on hot toast. A well beaten egg blended into a cup of any soup increases its nourishment and is one clever way to secure eggs in the diet of a finicky patient who doesn't like eggs.

Potatoes become a problem often, and are a food that does seem to tend toward monotony. The perfect baked potato however cannot be equalled, but sometimes its contents may be removed, blended with butter, and served mashed, with minced parsley garnish.

Potatoes mixed with cream and sprinkled with grated cheese are another method of lending interest. But noodles, plain buttered macaroni—the various nourishing pastes in the form of shells, bowknots, elbows, etc., as well as boiled rice are good change-off starches for the bedside-tray.

Many vegetables are better served in a grated form to the convalescent—grated carrots, for example, steamed with butter are most easy to eat and to digest. Or grated carrots and a few wisps of shredded coconut make a delicious combination to be eaten cold as a salad on a lettuce leaf.

Any vegetable, when shredded or diced, is more suitable than when cooked in larger sections. Sieved vegetables can be eaten by patients to whom the whole forms is too woody or unsuitable.

Desserts are perhaps the most easy dish of the whole menu to vary so as to be attractive to the patient's eye. By serving individually, by a colorful garnish or top of whipped cream, by a decoration of cubes of colored jelly, any pudding or otherwise neutral dish may be made irresistible.

Speaking of cubes of jelly reminds one that these are easily made by using the prepared gelatin powder in various flavors, and pouring the mixture into a shallow square pan to chill. Cubes may easily be cut out as required, a scarlet cube of jelly on plain tapioca or cornstarch or custard giving the former a gay appearance.

Many baked fruits can have color incorporated into them by using red peppermint candies or a few drops of food color, baked pears or baked apples, for instance, look more jubilant when touched up with pink or light green.

The plain cereal dishes, such as oatmeal, rice, etc., may be served as desserts instead of the so-often refused breakfast porridge. Use the cereal in a baked pudding, or a steamed mold, touched up with a tart lemon or orange sauce, or one made of steamed fruity raisins.

Ice cream and frozen dishes are always the favorite of the convalescent child. Home made chill desserts are but a moment's preparation for the tray of the automatic refrigerator, where they will ripen without further attention.

Chilled grapejuice, crushed orange, apricot and prune whips with a spoon of whipped cream, are delicious enough to tempt even a very failing appetite. In some illness, cold dishes are prescribed, and here chilled tomato juice crush, grapejuice frappe, and similar cold fruit refreshments are very beneficial and cooling.

As has been suggested, milk may be incorporated into the menus without its being used as a drink—of which the patient often tires. Here ingenuity with flavorings and accessories must be brought into play—nutmeg and chocolate syrup, beaten eggs and orange juice, will all help transform plain milk into more interesting beverages. Honey and cinnamon, bananas and coconut, when added to milk as novelty seasonings, will make its use more enjoyable.

A practical suggestion for the one catering to the invalid is to use a set of those revolving crystal utility dishes which are designed primarily for refrigerator use. Being made of glass, conveniently square, with glass lids, and fitting into a revolving stand, they are admirable for holding small portions of foods of which but a little is needed every meal. Thus broth, cereal, sauce, puree vegetables, etc., can be safely kept in these glass jars for even a week, thus doing away with so frequent a need for making up duplicate portions.

Catering to the convalescent encourages the use of supplementary cookbooks, or specialty booklets such as those which feature oranges, chocolate, tapioca, bananas, soups, etc. There may be never a monotonous moment when catering to the invalid's mealtime-tray!

Several small novelties or gadgets which will make the enforced idleness of any patient more enjoyable are the following: there is a small booklight which clamps right onto the cover of a book or onto the edge of the meal-tray. It throws plenty of light on one concentrated spot and makes for brighter eating.

A bag made of cheerful cretonne supported by a coathanger, is made to hang on the back of the bed and hold magazines right in convenient reach. A one-legged table is just the thing for the convalescent who is in the sit-up-chair stage: for this table rests over the arms of the chair, its height is adjustable, and one side has a deep rim along its edges so that puzzle pieces or checkers will not fall to the floor. Grand for meals, too!

For adults who enjoy coffee—and it too must be piping hot to be acceptable—there is an odd pot of china which nestles down into a fitting chrome case which is insulated with cork. And is this coffee poured out hot! It holds 2 full cups.

A hot water plate, of china, set over rustproof metal keeps all food hot and fresh, without drying out. It has a chromium cover, too.

Then there's a novel set of small china casseroles fashioned like a crab or a fish, with covers. Since they are ovenproof china, they make most sensible as well as decorative containers for the many baked dishes which must go on the invalid's tray.

Last, but not least, there's a unique lean-to rest which is fine for the convalescent.

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Edna Wallace Hopper

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PRIZE MEAT BISCUITS

FILLING: Add 1 tsp. salt, ½ tsp. pepper, 1 small grated onion, ½ tsp. chili powder or 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce, and a sprig of parsley (chopped fine) to 1 lb. ground steak; mix well. Form into 8 rolls and roll in flour. Fry in 3 tbsps. Jewel Shortening until brown.

BISCUITS: Sift 2 cups flour, 4 tsps. baking powder, 1 tsp. salt, and a dash of paprika. Work in 8 tbsps. Jewel with fork. Add 1 pimiento, chopped; then ⅓ cup milk or water, and roll out ¼ inch thick on floured board. Cut 8 squares and wrap them around the meat rolls. Wet the edges and press together; brush the tops with milk. Bake in a hot oven (450° F.) for about 15 minutes. Serve with a gravy seasoned with chili sauce.

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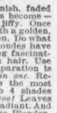

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WASH salad leaves, examining carefully for insects and grit. Pile leaves lightly on clean cheesecloth, fold the cloth and keep in icebox until serving time. If you wish to take the salad for a picnic lunch, place it in an air-tight pail and keep in icebox until you are ready to go.

Vary the servings of green salads by using not only the always popular lettuce but chicory, romaine, endive, escarole, cress, beet tops, dandelion leaves, spinach hearts, cabbage, cauliflower or chives. The salad must be fresh, crisp and appetizing in color and appropriate to the meal and the menu.

Emphasize variations in salad dressings. If you serve French dressing vary it from day to day by adding grated raw carrots, horseradish or minced pimientoes, chives, finely chopped beets, minced parsley, chopped nuts, sliced prunes, crumbled Roquefort cheese, a little chili sauce, minced hard cooked eggs, shredded green peppers, finely chopped Bermuda onions, sliced dates or a little whipped cream. Fruit juice, raspberry vinegar or tarragon vinegar may be substituted for the cider vinegar most often used.

Vary the salad accessories every day or two. Use tiny bread sticks, small rolls, tiny toasted cheese sandwiches, cheese straws, toasted crackers, cheese or paprika tea biscuits, nut or ham tea biscuits, beaten biscuits or open sandwiches.

Vary the usual salad garnishes by using fried cheese balls (fried in hot deep fat), radish roses, ripe or stuffed olives, celery curls, frosted cherries, home made Bar le Duc currants or salted or unsalted nuts.

To make a delicious Surprise Salad dissolve 1 package of mint gelatin according to directions on box. Pour into a border mold that has been rinsed with cold water. Set in icebox or cold place to congeal. Mix 1 cup chopped cooked chicken, ½ cup chopped celery, a few grains salt and pepper and 2 tablespoons well seasoned mayonnaise. Spread over the congealed gelatin. Soak 1 tablespoon unflavored gelatin in ¼ cup cold water and dissolve in 1¼ cups hot strained cranberry juice. Sweeten with ¾ cup sugar and chill. Pour over chicken mixture in the mold. Set aside to congeal.

Just before serving unmold on large salad platter and garnish with chicory or curly endive. Fill center of mold, if desired, with well seasoned cottage cheese. If you do not care for the cheese, garnish the salad with slices of avocado that have been dipped in highly seasoned French dressing. Serve with any desired or favorite dressing.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Grapefruit, Whole Grain Cereal, Scrambled Eggs, Graham Muffins, Coffee.	Orange Juice, Cereal, Broiled Smoked Salmon (Thinly Sliced), Bakeasie Muffins, Coffee.	Sliced Pineapple, Hot Cereal, French Toast, Favorite Marmalade or Jam, Coffee.	Stewed Apricots, Cereal, Eggs, Muffins, Coffee.	Grapefruit, Cereal, Canned Shad Roe Cakes, Corn Meal Griddle Cakes, Coffee.	Canned Berries, Cereal, Cream Toast, Coffee.	Apricots, Hot Cereal, Canned Corn Oysters, Bacon, Melba Toast, Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Hot Sauerkraut Cocktail, Scalloped Left-Over Vegetables, Tomato Clover Leaf Rolls, Fruit Compote (Black Cherries, etc.), Oatmeal Cookies.	Baked Stuffed Squash, Raw Cauliflower Salad, Baked Bananas with Cranberry Sauce, Moravian Cookies, Cocoa.	Sauteed Mackerel, Lemon Caps, Buttered Spinach, French Fried Potatoes or Spaghetti, Cucumber and Radish Salad, Jelly Jumbles, Hot Fruit Punch.	Vegetable Chowder, Crackers, Romaine Salad with Sweet Pickled Cucumber Rings, Chocolate Raisin Bread Pudding, Tea.	Macaroni Casserole, Cabbage, Prune and Date Salad, Tomato Clover Leaf Rolls, Tea or Cocoa.	Cheese Souffle with Mushroom Sauce, Cabbage, Orange and Grated Carrot Salad, Sour Milk Cookies.	Pimiento Soup, Roast Beef, Yorkshire Pudding, Brown Gravy, Spiced Beets, Buttered Green Vegetable, Tomato Relish, Prune Whip with Custard Sauce.
Dinner	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner (Company)*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Supper*
Baked Sliced Ham, Steamed Apples, Duchess Potatoes or Noodles, Buttered String Beans, Green Bouquet Salad with Savory French Dressing, Chocolate Parfait.	Delmonico Roast, Baked Carrots, Baked Potatoes, Apple, Cabbage and Raisin Salad, Wafers.	Liver Rolls, Stewed Tomatoes, Baked Onions, Savory Relish, Deep Dish Apple or Loganberry Pie.	Mushroom Soup, Baked Veal Cutlet, Baked Potatoes, Green Beans, Raw Vegetable Salad Platter, French Dressing, Rhubarb Tarts with Whipped Cream.	Boiled Fresh Fish, Hollandaise Sauce, Mashed Potatoes, Asparagus Salad with Cucumber Dressing, Upside Down Pineapple Cake or Swedish Fruit Pudding.	Mushroom Sauce, Cabbage, Orange and Grated Carrot Salad, Sour Milk Cookies.	Pimiento Soup, Roast Beef, Yorkshire Pudding, Brown Gravy, Spiced Beets, Buttered Green Vegetable, Tomato Relish, Prune Whip with Custard Sauce.
					Dinner	*Supper*
					Kidney Stew (Canadian), Buttered New Potatoes, Buttered Green Beans, Rhubarb and Banana Compote or Lemon Sherbet, Angel Squares.	Piquant Egg Salad, Lettuce Sandwiches, Fruit Cup, Eggless Butterless Chocolate Cake

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Savory Veal

HAVE ready 1½ pounds of veal breast. Wipe with a clean damp cloth. Cut the veal into small cubes. Add water to cover the veal, add 1 or 2 sliced carrots, 2 sliced onions, a sprig of parsley, 2 or 3 cloves, 1 teaspoon celery seed and a piece of bay leaf. Cover closely and simmer gently until veal is tender. This will require 1½ or 2 hours. Strain the stock. Keep veal hot on back of stove. Melt 3 tablespoons butter, add 3 tablespoons flour and blend well. Season with salt and pepper and add the strained stock or broth. Stir constantly until creamy and smooth. Beat 1 egg yolk with ½ cup cream and add to the mixture. Just before serving add 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Pour over the veal and serve immediately.

Make Mealtime an Adventure

Aunt Jemima's Magic Menu

HOT CAKES AND PORK SAUSAGE —COUNTRY STYLE

Tomato Juice
AUNT JEMIMA PANCAKES
Pork Sausages
Syrup Coffee

For supper add Fruit, Cheese, or Ice Cream Dessert

How to make wonderful Pancakes

1. Mix milk or water with equal amounts of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour. In a twinkling batter is ready.

2. Have griddle or skillet just hot enough. To test, put a drop of water on griddle. If it goes right up in a puff of steam, griddle is too hot. If it bounces around a second before evaporating, griddle is hot enough.

3. Grease griddle very lightly. Don't pour grease on. Spread it thinly with pad.

4. Pour batter into griddle. Let each side bake until a golden brown.

NEW MEAL SERVICE AT GROCERS!

GROCERS now deliver, in one order, anything you need for Aunt Jemima's Magic Menu. Complete with printed, easy directions. With Aunt Jemima's it's so easy to get wonderful hot cakes, light, well-done and ripe with flavor. And with far more fluffiness than ordinary bread or biscuit flour. Because Aunt Jemima's contains only about half as much gluten as ordinary flour. And gluten, you know, is the taffy-like substance in flour that resists heat and slows up the baking process.

That's why, with about half the gluten of ordinary flour, Aunt Jemima's pancakes come out so perfectly done, so tender, fluffy and light in the few short minutes pancakes are on the fire.

A stack of three Aunt Jemima pancakes, a square of butter and one ounce of syrup are only 391 calories. Yet standards diets permit a total of 2,000 to 4,000 calories in the three daily meals.

Have Aunt Jemima's Magic Menu for the next meal.

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